The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1896.

The Week.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S forthcoming order, bringing within the civil-service rules all the places still remaining outside them, will be one of the most notable public events in our recent political history. Coming upon the eve of a Presidential campaign, it will be an entirely unprecedented act, and will go far to convince the practical politicians of the party that the President is not a candidate for a third term. No man with aspirations for a renomination has ever dreamed of such a thing as putting for ever beyond the reach of spoils politics such a list of places as this which a Washington correspondent reports as likely to be included in the new order:

"The Mint service, the excepted places in the customs and internal-revenue services, all the places in the Indian Agency service below the physicians, and all the places in the Indian school service still unprotected; the Interstate Commerce Commission clerical staff, the clerical force in the navy-yards; chief clerks of bureaus and chiefs of division in the departmental service; and a host of small groups and classes which so rarely show themselves on the surface of public affairs as to have been generally overlooked in the planning of reform campaigns."

When, in addition to this, we consider that the President contemplates including all the fourth-class post-offices, except an insignificant few, in the same order, the full dimensions of this final sweep may be imagined. There will be no spoils left upon which to conduct the next Presidential campaign. The next President will have only some large places to distribute after he shall come into office on March 4, 1897, and the business of the Government will be the chief object of his attention. Will the politicians consent to fill the Presidency under these conditions?

Silver having been the real cause of the panic of 1893, it behooves all men of intelligence to see what sort of figure it is likely to cut if McKinley reaches the goal of his ambition. On Wednesday week the Ohio Republican convention, at which his "boom" received all the impulse that could be given to it by a single State, passed a resolution, drawn by McKinley himself, in close agreement with a speech made by him at Chicago on the 12th of February last. It is as follows:

"We contend for honest money, for a currency of gold, silver, and paper with which to measure our exchanges that shall be as sound as the Government and as untarnished as its honor; and to that end we favor bimetallism, and demand the use of both gold and silver as standard money, either in accordance with a ratio to be fixed by an international agreement (if that can be obtained), or under such restrictions and such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parities of value of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal."

At first sight this looks like a mere repetition of the old juggles with words that have disgraced both parties during the whole period of the silver and fiat agitation, but in order to understand it we must look at the course of events, at the repeal of the Sherman act, and at the new demands which the silver men themselves have made since that act was repealed.

What is meant by favoring bimetallism? One of the methods proposed is by international agreement. This is intelligible, although remote, and, as we think, unattainable. The other method of reaching bimetallism is "under such restrictions and such provisions, *to be determined by legislation*" (*i. e.*, not to be interrupted by the veto power), "as will secure the maintenance of the parities of value of the two metals," etc. Those provisions now exist, and are sufficient for the purpose if administered by an executive who is determined to maintain the gold standard at all hazards and under all circumstances, and is known to be so. We have such an executive at present, and the main question, the chief issue, in American politics now is whether we shall have such an executive during the four years succeeding Mr. Cleveland's term. Making all allowance for humbug and cheating in platforms, we do not consider either the platform adopted by Mr. McKinley's friends in Ohio or the utterances of Mr. McKinley himself any such guarantee. If there is to be any more buying and coining of silver under parity clauses, "to be determined by legislation," there will be another panic, and it may be one which no executive could stem. The resolution does not propose any more buying and coining of silver, it is true, but it encourages the silver-men to expect it. It holds out to them a hope by which their support is to be gained if possible, and it leaves the next and future Congresses as much in doubt as the present one is concerning the true intent and meaning of the Republican platform, and thus leaves the financial question in the air, as it is now.

Senator Bill Chandler protests, with the alarm of an expert, against the corrupting use of money to promote the McKinley candidacy. The most appalling thing about it to him is, that the McKinley managers have "invaded Senator Quay's State," with demands that the Pennsylvania manufacturers give their money, not to their natural suzerain, Quay, but to the man who made them rich by his tariff bill of 1890. Pointing out the fact that McKinley himself has no money, the Honorable Bill wants to know where all the money is coming from that is now "corrupting State and district conventions" in his interest, and asks, with the pain of an old-fashioned patriot, whether "our next President is to be controlled and dictated to by Mr. Hanna and a set of associates who have established their domination over a President by the money they have furnished for him and his uses."

These questions might better have come from a better man, but they are most pertinent and urgent coming from any source. The answer to them is written plain enough for the wayfaring man in the election of 1888. Quay looked after his own tributary manufacturers in that year, and one of them afterwards said openly that the McKinley tariff bill was only their just due, as they had bought and paid for it with their own money. They and the silver-men had the first mortgage on the Fifty-first Congress, and they foreclosed it without mercy. The men who are now so lavishly financing the McKinley canvass propose to forestall all competitors. By buying the nomination they get a clear first lien on the candidate. After the nomination, all negotiations in regard to the election will have to be conducted with them. Anybody who wants tariff favors will know what he has to do. The corruption will be all square and above-board, in the best tariff manner of perfect gentlemen. But the scale on which the preliminary operations are now carried on indicates what a monstrosity the next tariff bill will have to be to pay off all the debts. McKinley's zeal for "the American fireside" will no doubt be equal to it, but can the Republican party be expected to escape afterwards even with such a battering as it got in 1890? Bill Chandler's alarm at the prospect is well founded. Such a cynical preparation to buy the Presidency, with an equally cynical preparation to get the money back by legislative favors, has not before been seen. It portends the permanent retirement to the American fireside of public men who strike hands with the unblushing corruptionists.

The alarm of a great many Republicans at the probability of McKinley's nomination is due not alone to the fiscal and monetary policies for which he is supposed to stand. What they dread most is the possibility of a President of his deadly-dull intellect. Certainly no President since perhaps the first Harrison has been a man of such a shut-in mental horizon as McKinley. The volume of his speeches and addresses put forth a couple of years ago, in the interest of his candidacy, ought of itself to make his candidacy impossible. To elect a man President capable of saying of the Chicago Exposition that it was, "in its highest sense, the hallelujah of the universe for the triumph of civil liberty,"

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would be, as Cardinal Vaughan has said of the recent 'Life of Cardinal Manning,' "almost a crime." In the same volume the judgment was expressed of Gen. Logan ("Black Jack") that his "success in both careers [military and legislative] is almost unrivalled in the history of men." To place an intellect equal to that in a position where it would have to pass upon the most difficult questions of personal character and public policy, would be to put a premium upon stupidity and invite national calamity.

Fresh light continues to pour in on the rôle of the present Senate in national affairs. Mr. Hoar, one of the oldest members of the body, turned it on last week. He said that the belligerency resolutions of the two houses had no weight or effect; that they were an attempt to interfere with the President's constitutional prerogatives. But he was most illuminating when he quoted an old judge in East Cambridge, Mass., as saying, in a charge to a jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, circumstantial evidence is where a fact that is known proves a fact that is not known. If you see great activity in the navy-yard over there to morrow, it is not a proof that war is approaching, but that an election is approaching."

"And so," said Mr. Hoar, "the extraordinary excitement shown by the Senator from Ohio in this matter is not a proof of any great disturbance in our foreign relations, but that there is a Presidential election at hand." That observation carries us into the very centre and essence of this whole Jingo business, not as it is today only, but as it has been for more than a year. Its motive when Lodge and Chandler started it was precisely what it is now. By keeping at it, these two worthies and others like them managed to get up the Venezuelan trouble, and were very near getting up a Nicaraguan trouble, and they are now trying to get up a Cuban trouble. There has been no war, and we no not believe they ever expected any war, but they have done and are doing enormous damage to the business interests of the country. The kind of body into which they have converted both the House and the Senate, is suited only for the government of a pastoral community, or an agricultural one which produced only what was necessary for its own use. No commercial nation, with a great system of credit, could possibly live long under it. For many months past they have made business plans for the future almost impossible. It was this which led to the favorable consideration of a proposal at the monthly meeting of the Board of Trade and Transportation last week for a joint petition to Congress from the various commercial bodies of the country to adjourn, and "give business a chance."

All anybody needs, in order to estimate the capacity of the great men of the Senate, is to read the debates of the past few days on the Cuban question. These debates were started on a gross and confessed misquotation from an unknown book, some newspaper scraps, and a mistranslation. These interesting facts were brought out by Mr. Hoar, on Wednesday week. On Friday the fun grew more fast and furious. Mr. Sherman said the committee on foreign relations had been started into activity about Cuba by secret information from the State Department, communicated through Mr. Lodge. This naturally produced great curiosity, and Mr. Lodge rose to explain. The important communication from the State Department was the enclosure of a letter from Señor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish Minister, giving his views of the military situation in Cuba. This seems to have been converted in Mr. Sherman's mind into an argument in favor of belligerent rights. Of course everybody was anxious to see how this psychological process was effected, but a demand for the letter was naturally met by the reply that it could be read only in executive session. We ask the public, when reading these debates, to remember that they are carried on by high officers of one of the most powerful governments in the world, that they have a most disastrous influence on the business and finances of the country, that they have filled the large towns in Spain with mob violence and hatred of the American name, and are diffusing vague dread of America and contempt for our government all through the civilized world. Moreover, if Mr. Hoar had not departed from the usual recent practice of his own party, and, instead of sitting silent and apparently approving the folly of the Jingo element, poured hot shot into them, we should never have known the depths of folly and incompetency to which they can descend.

The current number of the *Political Science Quarterly* contains a discussion of the Monroe Doctrine by two competent hands. Prof. Moore begins it and Prof. Burgess continues it. They are both of the Political Science Department, and are men of eminence in their fields. From Prof. Moore we have already heard a good deal on this topic, but nothing as long or as weighty as the present article from Mr. Burgess. These gentlemen complete the list, as far as our observation has gone, of those who, being familiar with, or authorities on, this class of questions, have completely and argumentatively condemned both Mr. Olney's law and Monroe. We have not heard, East or West, of one dissenting voice from this class (and they may be said to be the mind, as distinguished from the muscle, of America) concerning international rights and duties and policy. They all say that Mr. Olney's Monroe is as bad as his law in this, that his Monroe is not Monroe's Monroe; that his own Monroe is bad law and bad policy. Of course there are some, especially out West, who put in the usual "placatory tag" about devotion to the real Monroe Doctrine, and readiness to die for it whenever called upon, but this does not affect their argument. Let Jingoes consider these writers and be wise. Prince Volkonsky, the Russian, lecturing at Columbia College last week, quoted from a Russian writer the term "zoölogical patriot," as the equivalent of our term "Jingo." This means that this kind of patriot is an animal whose habitat is, say, in North America, and who, in virtue of the fact that he was born within certain parallels of latitude and longitude, constantly wants to bite all animals of the same species born in other parallels. When he sees a Jingo of different origin, he is always eager to throttle him, without rhyme or reason. Prof. Burgess's protest against the psychological tendency to raise a political "doctrine" to the position of a "fetish," and rattle about it in "excited gibberish," is well worthy of careful Jingo perusal.

The London *Chronicle*, which is busy picking holes in the British Case by pointing out inaccuracies or misquotations, will probably not make much impression by this attack any more than by its grand exposure of Lord Aberdeen when Mr. Norman was here. In fact, it is not unlikely that, as the *St. James's Gazette* says, most of its discoveries are mare's nests. But it evidently does not share the opinion of some of our contemporaries here that the better the British Case is, the stronger the obligation resting on it to arbitrate. This is not the way arbitration has been hitherto looked at by the people who resort to it. If this view were generally adopted, it would produce some droll results—that is, my obligation to arbitrate would increase in the direct ratio of the strength of my title. A man claims my watch, for instance, in the street, and demands arbitration. There is not the shadow of doubt as to my right to the watch. I would say I bought it of so and so, and had worn it for twenty years. Then why on earth, the bystander would say, do you refuse to arbitrate? The decision would certainly be in your favor. Or suppose Spain claimed Florida, and insisted on our arbitrating because the legality of our original acquisition of it was so clear. As a matter of fact and long precedent, arbitration always connotes reasonable doubt, and the duty of arbitrating grows weaker, and not stronger, as the doubt declines. Still, we believe every nation should arbitrate in all disputes about facts, when asked to do so by another state. The peace and civilization of Christendom rest on the assumption that each state is not only sovereign but reasonable, and that it will not make claims that are absolutely absurd and do not deserve discussion or attention. So that even slight doubts ought to justify international arbitration. As to the jour-

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nalistic operations now going on about this question, the time for putting the parties on either side "in a hole" seems to have gone by. No newspaper needs to expose the weak points of either case. The British have their counsel, and the Venezuelans have theirs, and we have a commission "watching the case," as they say in the London police courts, on our behalf.

The *Railroad Gazette* has a painstaking and profound article on the Nicaragua Canal, the immediate subject being the Report of the Board of Engineers recently submitted to Congress. The character of this board it considers of the highest type. It is therefore not surprised at the temperance and restraint with which its conclusions are announced. It is only surprised "at the amount which the canal company does *not* know about the vast work that it has undertaken, and at the light-hearted confidence with which it has asked individuals and the nation to embark on the most difficult engineering work ever undertaken by men." The question whether the work can be done at all is still to be solved. So far as our knowledge now extends, all that we can say is that perhaps it can be done for $133,000,000 and perhaps not: The points upon which information of the highest importance is wanting are numerous, and the want is inexcusable. It is indispensable, for instance, to know the variations in the level of San Juan Lake, since "every foot of reduction in the minimum will cause a large increase in excavation throughout the entire summit level, including the costly work of the San Juan River and the east and west divides. Yet the canal company has no recorded observations of the lake level or other data relating to its regulation, for the eight years since it began work in the country." The means of curbing the streams on the west side, in the San Francisco basin, in order to prevent the washing away of the canal by the tremendous rainfall that often visits that region, are still altogether in the dark. So with the great Ochoa dam, the failure of which "would leave navigation stranded, wreck the valley below, and possibly wash Greytown into the sea"; it is not yet known what foundation this dam is to rest on, nor have any detailed plans or specifications been made, nor does anybody know what is the maximum rate of discharge of water that must be taken care of. The company estimates this maximum discharge at 63,000 cubic feet per second. The board estimates it at 125,000 and possibly 150,000. It would be "stupendous folly," says the *Gazette*, "to assume the burden of this enterprise without the further studies which the board advises."

We are assured by persons who are the best authorities on the subject, that the proposal to legislate the Niagara Falls Reservation Commissioners out of office does not spring from a desire for spoils alone, but that there is behind it also a scheme for getting possession of the water-power of the falls for the benefit of a private corporation. The two objects would naturally go together. With a lot of spoils politicians in charge of the Reservation, the improper sale of its privileges for the mutual benefit of politics and corporations would follow naturally. The State has bought the Reservation for the benefit of all its inhabitants. There has not been a day since the bargain was completed when vandals of one sort or another have not been trying to break in upon it to impair its natural beauty and make personal profit for themselves out of its wonderful power. The present Commissioners have stood like a rock against all these efforts at depredation, and it would be a public calamity were they to be removed. Senator Ellsworth should bear in mind that the Reservation is not the property of Buffalo, but of the State, and withdraw his bill as an impudent assault upon the property of the people.

Mr. Arnold Foster, M.P., writes a searching article, in the columns of the London *Chronicle*, on the Jameson raid against the Transvaal, on the South African Chartered Company, and against government by chartered companies in general. The vice of these, he says, is "that a chartered company can only be established by confusing two things which are absolutely irreconcilable and ought never to be associated. I mean the prerogative of governing men on the one hand and the desire of making money on the other. The right to govern men is one of the very highest duties which can be intrusted to a man or a body of men. The pursuit of money cannot be described in any such terms." The pursuit of money is well enough in its place, but, when mixed with the functions of government, it becomes intolerable. This was the vice, in another form, of that method of public finance known as "farming the revenue," which prevailed in ancient Rome, and, coming down to modern times, was extinguished by the French Revolution. The facts of importance relating to this method of collecting the public taxes are brought together in an interesting way by David A. Wells in the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. As the *publican's* compensation depended upon the amount of his collections, he was really invested with the power of state to extort an income for himself from the provincials. The same principle underlies government by chartered companies. The company is invested with power to tax the inhabitants of the territory embraced in the charter for the purpose of making dividends for shareholders in another country. Not only is this a vicious plan *per se*, but it operates to deaden the sense of responsibility among the rulers who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, answerable to nobody but the company. It is not alone the South African Company that passes under Mr. Foster's powerful censure, but the Niger Company as well.

The indignation roused in the Reichstag by the accusations against Dr. Peters, the former Imperial Commissioner in East Africa, contrasts refreshingly with the comparative indifference to the similar charges against Chancellor Leist and Assessor Wehlan. A thorough overhauling of the entire administration of the German possessions in East Africa will probably result. Prof. L. von Bar of Göttingen, writing in the Berlin *Nation*, has pointed out that, in spite of the cruelties perpetrated by Wehlan, the Imperial Government could try him only for having exceeded his authority, of which the limits are but vaguely defined by existing laws. According to the law of April 17, 1886, German subjects in all the colonies of the Empire are amenable to the criminal code of Germany if guilty of inflicting a personal injury upon a native or depriving him of his liberty, but Government officials as such have hitherto had almost absolute discretion in their dealings with natives. The legal status of the natives has not been defined, so that even a humane official would not know whether to treat native criminals as he would Europeans, or as German Consuls in foreign countries are expected to treat natives in such cases. Prof. von Bar suggests a simple code determining both the nature of the crimes for which punishment may be meted out to natives, and the limits of the power of officials. He admits, however, the difficulty of limiting the power of Government officials in case of war, though he pleads for at least more humane treatment of native prisoners of war.

German writers deplore the decline of the Reichstag, very much as we do the degeneration of Congress, and have very much the same explanation to give. The falling off in individual ability, and the paralysis of the higher legislative functions, are attributed to the rush of selfish and mercenary interests into Parliament. With the private business of manufacturers and agrarians to look after and to claim first place, how can the members be expected to attend to the larger interests of the nation? Factions now build themselves about some money-getting scheme, some bit of class legislation, not about any real political principle. Machine methods naturally follow. The present Reichstag is thought to reach low-water mark for unblushing assertion of private over public interests. Protection, and the passion for paying debts in depreciated currency, appear to be doing in Germany what we have long observed them to be doing here.

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THE VALUE OF DISCUSSION.

THE course of events in the United States Senate for the last two weeks will go far to recover for us, in matters affecting our foreign relations, what was rapidly becoming the lost art of discussion. The Cuban resolutions were passed on February 28 practically without debate—debate, as distinct from great gusts and gales. Morgan had, indeed, paraded on the windy plains of Troy for the better part of two days, Lodge had contributed his quota of misinformation, and Sherman had spoken with the impetuous passion and blundering of his ardent nature; but of argument directed to the vitals of the question, there was none. A week later Senator Hale made his speech, asked some strategic questions, submitted some evidence. Then Senator Hoar began to display a strange desire to know what the facts were, and, in the running debate which followed, the whole case of the foreign-affairs committee fell in complete wreck. Such humiliating twistings and doublings as Lodge and Sherman have been driven to, it would be hard to match in the annals of Congress.

The surprising thing is, not that this should have happened, but that a week should have passed before it happened. Senator Hoar was seven days behind the newspapers in finding out that Mr. Sherman's argument was a mass of guesses and irrelevancies and falsehoods. Yet at the time the Senate sat dumb under the transparent imposition. Nothing but the luck of delay in the conference committee, with the chance it gave to hear from the country, prevented a thoroughly unsound and fraudulent policy from being adopted by the Senate almost unanimously and without one word of effective protest. This would certainly have been an entire surrender of the right and duty of public discussion of the most important public questions, by the men chosen for the express purpose of discussing them and letting the country know what was going on, what the action proposed meant, and what the reasons for it were.

This paralysis of debate fell on this Congress almost at its opening in December, in connection with the Venezuela upheaval. The principle was distinctly laid down then, in both House and Senate, that foreign affairs must not be discussed—that is, critical foreign affairs, with war and a panic just round the corner. Congress was to vote, not talk. So pleaded Mr. Hitt in the House, so it was maintained in the Senate. Representatives could ask questions about the pay of consuls, could express their views on foreign tariffs or life-insurance regulations, but the thing that became them when war was threatened was modest stillness and humility. The precedent set then it was thought would rule in the Cuban debate. It did rule at first in the Senate. In the House a few men found their voice, but debate, in the good old parliamentary sense of give and take, of argument, of sharp inquiry, of raillery, and exposure of blundering, did not really show its head until Senator Hoar got on his feet. He has done the country a great service. Not only has he completely shattered the case of the foreign-relations committee, but he has so triumphantly vindicated the value of discussion that we shall not soon see Congress sitting by again, terror-stricken and tongue-tied, while the gravest matters of national interest are being hurried through in silence and secrecy.

Lodge made a noble protest against effective debate in the Senate—at least against any brother-Senator's bringing in evidence from the outside to convict him of falsifying. He planted his feet firmly on the Constitution and the "safeguards of the freedom of the English-speaking race." No Senator should be questioned elsewhere for language uttered in debate. But Story says of this constitutional provision that its intent was "to secure independence, firmness, and fearlessness on the part of the members." This is a very different thing from granting a Senator immunity when he runs away in a fright and tells lies. That is the kind of protection that Lodge wants. He had imposed upon the Senate with a gross mistranslation and a non-existent proclamation, yet when Senator Hale brought in evidence of the fraud, he stormed indignantly about the most precious heritage of the English race. But we may be sure that the English race never intended to erect a bulwark in front of a public representative across which nobody must venture in order to expose falsehoods. Such protection Lodge cannot enjoy unless he becomes Senator among the Cretans. The English heritage is free and full debate, and Lodge is enjoying that as much as any man can who has been so discredited and humiliated by it.

It cannot be denied that there has been for some years a disposition to hold public discussion cheap. Much of the public discussion we have had it certainly would be hard to hold too cheap. Lord Salisbury said the other day in Parliament that "discussion has very little to do with the decision which nations come to upon this question [protection]. They are guided each one by the belief that this course or that will be favorable to their own interests." This is an extraordinary confession to be made by one of the most voluminous debaters and dialecticians of modern times. But what became of his dialectics when he uttered this sentiment we cannot guess. The only way nations arrive at a belief that any course will be favorable to their interests is by public discussion of that course. Nations are not born with fixed and unalterable opinions. They do not form them in their sleep, or pick them up in the streets, but base them upon argument, or what passes for such, and frame them on consideration and weighing of reasons pro and con. Their ideas of what is their true interest change from time to time, which could not be the case if discussion had no effect. Parliaments and Congresses have been in the past the chief means of furnishing argument for the people to form their judgment upon, and we must hail every indication that our own Congress does not really mean to abdicate its function of public education on the great questions at issue.

SENATORIAL DIGNITY.

THERE have been various discussions of a humorous character in the Senate during the past year, but none quite so humorous as the attempt to discipline the Spanish Minister for making a direct answer to a senatorial attack on his own government and its officers. The Senators resent this bitterly as an attack on what they call their "dignity." Now dignity is not a thing which can be taken on or put off at pleasure. An occasionally dignified man would be a ridiculous person. Nor is it a thing which can be supplied from outside sources. Each individual, or each assembly or tribunal, must be the sole purveyor of his or its own dignity. Dignity runs with the person, as the lawyers say, and not with the clothes or the building; and it is one of the most difficult things in the world, and especially in the modern world, to keep up. It necessitates a great deal of form and much self-restraint, and it needs, above all things, constant attention. All legislative bodies which try to maintain it have to be careful about what they say and allow to be said or done within their precincts. They have to have not only rules and regulations, but officers to enforce them, to secure decorum in debate, and to secure decorous behavior on the part of those whom they admit to witness their proceedings. They have to cherish what they call "order." They have to secure reverence from other people by strict attention to things on which these other people usually base reverence.

Judged by these standards, the days are gone by when the United States Senate could refer to its dignity without a meaning smile. The Senators have shown in a hundred ways that they do not care about their dignity, and therefore they cannot expect the public or foreign ambassadors to care much about it. For instance: Nothing, as history has shown, is more necessary to maintain public respect for a legislative body than the rigid exclusion of outsiders from participation in its proceedings. This means the exclusion of spectators from the part of the House occupied by members. This is carried so far in the English House of Lords and Commons that a spectator is not allowed to hang his coat over the rail of the gallery so that any part of it shall fall within the House. Not only is he not allowed to take part in the proceedings, but he is forbidden to indicate by any sign whatever that he is conscious that there are any proceedings.

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At the same time he is forbidden to read, write, or munch food. These rules are based on principles of human nature, and they are justified by the experience of many ages and nations. Any legislative assembly in whose doings and sayings promiscuous outsiders are permitted to take part, has begun its decline—decline in dignity, in authority, and therefore, in a democratic country, in power.

Now the United States Senate has so far forgotten all this that it not only allows a crowd to invade its galleries, but to applaud the speeches vociferously or manually on any exciting topic. To set up a claim after this to have the proceedings regarded as so private and strictly "domestic" that a foreign minister may not notice them except through "the regular channels of diplomacy," is simply preposterous. Nothing is private or domestic which the general public is permitted to listen to or cheer. The Spanish Minister has as much right surely to go into the gallery and hiss Lodge or applaud Hale as has any Washington negro. We have not yet got to the point where the gallery loafer may arise and correct the orator, but we are surely coming to it.

In the next place, it is part of the "order" of every legislative assembly not to make personal attacks or charges against outsiders who are not subject to its jurisdiction, have not violated the law, and cannot reply to its objurgations; and this rule covers particularly the representatives and servants of foreign Powers. This is so ridiculously violated in Washington that, as we have seen recently, it is very common in both houses to load the officers of foreign governments with abuse, and to make charges against them of the most atrocious character, without a particle of proof, amid the cheers of the mob in the gallery. Senator Lodge has done this over and over; so has Senator Morgan; so have a score of others. Any foreign representative who is exposed to this sort of thing, is entirely justified in inferring from all the surrounding circumstances that he may use the privilege of all American citizens who are assailed by these scolds, and answer back. He has no good reason for supposing that they will take refuge in their "domesticity" or their "dignity," and ask him to make his complaint to the State Department. The State Department has no more jurisdiction of them and their behavior than the Minister himself. It cannot call them to account, and correspondence with it about them might last for a month, while the charge was travelling around the country and helping to influence the issues of peace and war. The title of a Senator to exemption from the lie direct rests on the assumption that he will make no personal attacks on anybody, unless absolutely necessary to the discharge of his business, or without careful inquiry and proof, and that he will be courteous and restrained in all mention of the officers of foreign Powers. Dignity and exemption in these matters attach to the Senator as a member of the American Government, with quasi-judicial and quasi-diplomatic functions, and not to the Senator as a loose-tongued and blathering politician.

Another condition of senatorial dignity, which is equally disregarded, is abstinence from attacks on American citizens about personal matters. Any legislative body which allows members to settle on the floor their quarrels with outsiders about their own doings or capacity, necessarily becomes a byword and shaking of the head. Senator Lodge has done this more than once. He "gives fits" to his newspaper and other critics, in what he calls "his place," and thus puts on record in the *Congressional Record* matter which may be just as scurrilous and slanderous as that which he uttered the other day against the Cuban Captain-General, and naturally invites retort and contempt. In fact, there is nothing in the affairs of men to-day more calculated to excite ridicule than claims to respect which are not justified by behavior. This has furnished the comic element to hundreds of plays and novels, and will always do so. The ignorant, ill-mannered man demanding the honor due to the polished and accomplished gentleman, the shyster wearing the robes and wig of the judge of appeal, the skulker recounting his exploits in the field, the sneaking politician asking us to receive him as a Webster or a Clay, will amuse the world as long as men legislate, and print, and laugh. There was a great deal of comedy in the French Convention, which has largely been lost sight of through the fearful tragedies with which it was mingled, but our own Senate is reproducing a good deal of it without the accompanying horrors.

MADE IN FRANCE.

THE article of wise patriotism which our Congress is now displaying is flaunted as a purely American product. The truth is, as we have more than once remarked, that it is only a poor imitation of a French original. Between the present American Congress and the successive National Assemblies of France from 1789 on, a very close parallel may be drawn; and it is well worth while to follow it out in some detail.

In point of personnel and competence for its work, the analogy between our Congress and the ruin-dealing National Assembly of France is close and striking. We cannot do better than take Burke's analysis of the latter:

> "Judge of my surprise," he wrote, "when I found that a very great proportion of the Assembly (a majority, I believe, of the number who attended) was composed of practitioners in the law. It was composed, not of distinguished magistrates, who had given pledges to their country of their science, prudence, and integrity; not of leading advocates, the glory of the bar; not of renowned professors in universities; but, for the far greater part, as it must in such a number, of the inferior, unlearned, mechanical, merely instrumental members of the profession. There were distinguished exceptions; but the general composition was of obscure provincial advocates, of stewards of petty local jurisdictions, country attorneys, notaries, and the whole train of the ministers of municipal litigation, the fomenters and conductors of the petty war of village vexation."

That would pass for a very accurate description of our House of Representatives. In it the narrow-minded country lawyers are in a large majority. That we get nothing better from them than we do is not surprising. The surprising thing would be that we should get anything better. What Burke said of the members of the French National Assembly is true of the members of any legislative assembly: "No name, no power, no function, no artificial institution whatsoever can make the men of whom any system of authority is composed any other than God and nature and education and their habits of life have made them."

But to the test not of individual capacity, but of achievement. The National Assembly met in the midst of terribly disordered national finances. In August, 1788, the Government had confessed bankruptcy, and paid its debts only in paper with a forced circulation. The army was utterly disorganized. The navy, from having been second only to that of England, was fallen into decay. In both army and navy, obedience and discipline were almost unknown. Domestic distress and anarchy were appalling. At one time nineteen departments were in open insurrection. The monthly deficits heaped up, and were met by heaping up rag money. In such a state of things, with remedial measures the crying need of the day, the Assembly was seized by a mad passion for a foreign war. Conflicts abroad were expressly urged as a way of diverting attention from threatening bankruptcy and other domestic difficulties. The sacredness of treaty obligations was openly renounced. Revolutionary and insurgent subjects of other governments were assured of the support of French arms. A causeless war was declared on April 20, 1792—a war which drenched Europe in blood for twenty years—and only seven votes were recorded in opposition (compare the minority of six in our Senate).

We leave the moral of all this to point itself, and pass on to the analogy between the methods of French legislative madness and our own. Almost from the beginning, the National Assembly made itself an instrument for recording the whims and passions of the mob. Shrewd Arthur Young noted as early as 1790 the alarming power of the galleries, "open to all the world." "The audiences in these galleries are very noisy; they clap when anything pleases them, and they have been known to hiss; an indecorum which is utterly destructive of freedom of debate." What came later everybody knows. Applause and hissing passed into ferocious cries and threats, into personal violence, into driving away large numbers of members by gangs of assassins. The picture which Burke gives of the final outcome is one which

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should be printed in large capitals every day in our *Congressional Record:*

"The Assembly, their organ, acts before them the farce of deliberation with as little decency as liberty. They act like the comedians of a fair before a riotous audience; they act amidst the tumultuous cries of a mixed mob of ferocious men, and of women lost to shame, who, according to their insolent fancies, direct, control, applaud, explode them; and sometimes mix and take their seats amongst them, domineering over them with a strange mixture of servile petulance and proud, presumptuous authority."

Our Senate and House have not yet reached this depth of humiliation, but they are headed straight down the decline. Speaking to the gallery is the preliminary of speaking from the gallery. Frowning disapproval from the gallery, intended to dismay honest men speaking their honest thought, will, if tolerated, lead to kicks and cuffs administered outside, and to a physical terrorism equal to the mental terrorism already in existence. What our servile Congress is preparing for itself is the irruption before long of Carlyle's "dripping Menads" whom neither the Vice-President nor Mirabeau could restrain, and who "ever and anon break in upon the regeneration of France with cries of 'Bread; not so much discoursing!' (*Du pain; pas tant de longs discours.*) So insensible were these poor creatures to bursts of parliamentary eloquence!"

It would be interesting to pursue the analogy further. The Jacobin Club, for example, an outside and irresponsible organization, marching down every day to make the Assembly register its decrees, has a strong family likeness to our bosses and lobbyists and "owners" of Congressmen, who buy and sell legislation, put the screws on this man and make the other one howl, and unblushingly set themselves up as absolute dictators, in whose hands Legislatures and Congresses and Governors are but silly puppets. But we leave the parallel drawn only in broad lines. In character, in methods, in seizure by mad passions—above all, the passion for a brainless war—in slavish fear of the mob, in abdication of leadership, it cannot be denied that our Congress is harking back more and more visibly to the pattern set them a hundred years ago in France—to an Assembly of which Morris wrote to Washington: "This unhappy country presents to our moral view a mighty ruin. . . . The Assembly at once a master and a slave, new in power, wild in theory, raw in practice. It engrosses all functions though incapable of exercising any, . . . and the great interests of the whole depend on momentary impulse and ignorant caprice."

With Morris, we are confident that "such a state of things cannot last." But if it is not to go on to the further madness into which France fell, we must have, and that quickly, somebody, some voice, some leader, some organ of public opinion, at Washington, in every legislature, in the press, in every form of discussion and agitation, to furnish a rallying centre for "civic manhood firm against the crowd."

THE MEANING OF McKINLEY.

When one reads every day of the way the Republican delegations are rushing for McKinley, one cannot help recalling the fact that the same class of men rushed for him and his policy with equal impetuosity at the election of 1888, and that he and his friends did in 1890 precisely the thing which his supporters hope he will do in 1898. We are fully warranted, therefore, in believing that if he is nominated and elected with a corresponding majority in Congress, he will do in 1898 the very things he did in 1890, and that the same results will follow. That is, his protectionist supporters will have such a keen appetite for high duties, and will feel so confident that they will get away with their "pile" before any reaction can come, that they will pass another McKinley tariff, the working of which will utterly disgust, not the rank and file of the Republican party, which no high-tariff bill can disgust, but the large body which hates extremes, likes a quiet life, and turns the scales at elections, and makes nowadays nearly all the principal States in the Union more or less uncertain at Presidential elections. For the feeling which is gaining ground most rapidly in the United States to-day, whatever McKinleyites may think, is not a desire for either a low tariff or a high tariff, but for stability in politics and business.

We believe this feeling has been growing, all through the Northern States at least, during the last four years, just as the anti-slavery feeling grew between 1856 and 1860, and under the same class of influences—that is, the excesses and exorbitant pretensions of the champions of slavery, which had kept the country in a continual turmoil for the previous quarter of a century. We presume no intelligent observer of these times now doubts that if the slaveholders had kept quiet, and had been content with what they had, either slavery would be in existence to-day, or they would before now have got rid of it by some peaceable compromise, and possibly by means of pecuniary compensation. It was the cloud their restlessness cast on the future of the government and on business, rather than pity for the blacks pure and simple, which finally bred the Northern determination to be rid of their system at whatever cost.

The high-tariff men seem now to insist on taking their place as disturbers of government and business. When they get into power they set up a tariff so extreme in its protection that the public will not live under it. When they are driven out of power by this very excess, far from profiting by the experience, they spend their time in ascribing every ill that folly and ignorance or the "act of God" may bring on the country to the abandonment of their experiment. The first chance they get, they set to work to persuade the country to try it again, and execrate the moderate or middle course on which it has entered for the sake of peace and quiet.

Nay, they go further than they ever went; for in order to show that of all the problems that beset the nation, foreign and domestic, the only thing they care about is the tariff, on which they were so terribly defeated in 1892, they single out for the Presidency the one conspicuous man in the party who has nothing to recommend him except his connection with that tariff. This is probably the oddest thing in the history of the party. Every other candidate the Republican party has nominated since its first Presidential convention has had some sort of fame in arts or arms. He has been a powerful debater and a courageous politician like Abraham Lincoln; or a great soldier like Gen. Grant; or a respectable soldier and a man of cultivation like Gen. Hayes; or an eminent legislator and soldier like Gen. Garfield; or a conspicuous lawyer and soldier like Gen. Harrison. Major McKinley has not one of the merits which carried these men into the Presidential chair. He has no connection with anything for which the party has ever stood, except the high tariff; and what gives a touch of drollery to his candidacy is that the high tariff to which he gave his name is the only one on which the party was ever defeated. There is in his candidacy, however, something droller still. It is proposed to put him at the head of the nation in an hour of great financial trial because of his views on finance, in spite of the fact that he has failed in business and is a silver-man. It may be nothing against his character that he has failed, but think of selecting such a man as the chief financial adviser of a great nation. In every other parliamentary country a bankruptcy disqualifies a man even for a seat in the Legislature. McKinley's elevation to the Presidency will, in fact, closely resemble the well-known opéra-bouffe decoration of the Colonel for his rapid flight from the field of battle.

The nomination, if made (and we still can hardly believe that it will be made), will serve the useful purpose of showing how completely indifferent the party has become to all subjects of legislation except the tariff as a means of making money for manufacturers, and above all how indifferent it has become to stability in business, because it evidently cares nothing about the reaction which experience shows would probably follow McKinley's election and the legislation of his Congress. What the business men of the country have discovered, or are daily discovering, is that nothing is now so necessary to the United States as steadiness in legislation, and especially in currency and taxation. The experience of recent years all points in this direction. Ask any business man in the country who owns any capital—that is, who has any money to invest, or who has credit enough to borrow—what his most ardent desire as a business man is, and he will almost certainly tell you, a cessation of perturbation of every description. He wants peace

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with foreign nations, he wants a policy in finance and currency that is pretty sure to last—that is, which will not excite violent opposition as soon as it is entered on, and which will enable people to calculate fairly what the value of their property will be ten years hence.

This is the heart's desire of everybody who wishes to provide for his own old age or for his children. It is just now a growing desire, and we believe the party which by the character of its legislative nominations makes the best promise of satisfying it, is the one which will be surest of the future during the next half-century. To pick out a man who has failed in life, and who is noted for the feebleness of his intelligence and for the scarcity of his convictions, is, on the other hand, a sort of hoisting of a storm-signal, an announcement of strife and trouble, action and reaction, wars, rumors of wars, and the uncertainty which always waits on persistent attempts to make men behave unnaturally. We have bred among us a large body of persons who have learned the art of making money out of legislation, and who resent interference with their business as the slaveholders resented interference with property in slaves; and the political work of the next ten years will probably be their pacification and subjection to the régime of equal rights.

THE AFRICAN TROUBLE.

THAT another crisis in the Sudan would follow the Italian reverses in Abyssinia has been generally expected. The news of such things spreads with such furious rapidity in the Mussulman world that it was feared by many that the capture of Khartum in 1885 would put the French on the defensive in Algeria. A new generation, too, has grown up since the British attempt to bring the Mahdi to reason, and there is, therefore, a fresh swarm of recruits for a crescentade. If what Mr. Curzon says be true, that the Mahdi is now able to put 300,000 men in the field, the situation is really serious, for there are not many troops in the world that are able to resist the rush of the Sudanese, who have the immense advantage of wanting to die—a quality which a German military writer says makes a man the most terrible of all opponents. They twice broke British squares, and were overcome only by being exterminated, and boys of sixteen lying wounded on the field bit the surgeon who tried to help them.

That the Mahdi or Khalifa wants to aid the Abyssinians, who are Christians, is unlikely, but he knows the Europeans are in trouble, and thinks his opportunity has come. There is no question whatever that, but for the presence of the British, he could easily go to Cairo and Alexandria and set up once more a fanatical Mohammedan Power on the shores of the Mediterranean. The bearing of all this on the relations of the European Powers is even more interesting than its bearing on the fate of Egypt. The probable effect of the Italian defeat on the Triple Alliance was the very first question which the disaster started. The effect of it on Italian prestige and finances was plain enough. Would it seriously diminish the Austrian and German estimate of the value of the Italian alliance? Would it make the alliance seem less formidable to France and Russia? Would it consequently increase Russian boldness in Turkey and China? Would the German Emperor's escapades in Africa weaken the British disposition to stand by Italy in Africa although his ally?

These questions seem to be now all fairly answered. Austria and Germany are to maintain their consideration for Italy, and England is to continue her support of Italy, as an indispensable ally in the Mediterranean. She is to be helped out of her scrape in Abyssinia at whatever cost, the Abyssinian disaster being regarded in London as a menace to Egypt; to all of which Russia responds by giving King Menelek the Grand Cordon of St. George, which at such a time is a very open expression of sympathy. If Mr. Curzon's account of the Mahdi's force be true, the campaign will be anything but a promenade. There is considerable uncertainty as to the quality of the native Egyptian troops. They are, of course, immensely improved under their English officers, and have been successful against the Dervishes in several small affairs, but these were cowed Dervishes fresh from defeats by the British. How they will stand the younger horde remains to be seen. If their places have to be taken by British troops, the enterprise will be anything but welcome to the British public. The last campaign in the Sudan, coupled with Gordon's death, was both sorrowful and humiliating, which accounts somewhat for the reported lack of enthusiasm on the part of the London press.

Those who are at all familiar with social conditions in Sicily will get an idea of the magnitude of the problems which are being neglected, perforce, in Italy, in order to carry such Jingo enterprises as the war with Abyssinia. Many parts of Italy are getting into a condition not far removed from that of Sicily, in order to enable the country to cut a fine figure in uniform among the Kaisers, and show how much it can do in the way of destruction. We do not wish in any way to underestimate the value of the work of civilization which the European Powers have been doing in Africa within the present century; nevertheless, it is plain that all are not equally well fitted for it. Some, like the British and Dutch, and to some extent the Germans, are colonists by nature, and follow their armies with swarms of outlanders, who plant and reap and strike roots into the soil and build up governments. But others, like the French and Italians, make colonies which are seldom more than sickly hot-house plants kept up by Government subvention and ruled by military men. Italy has far more passion for emigration than the French, but less passion for fighting. Neither of them has shown in this century any taste or capacity for founding new states. Their efforts to carry the national civilization into savage lands have been simply Jingo enterprises, of which this Abyssinian war is the most inexcusable and the most wasteful.

One marked peculiarity of the Jingo is his inability to bear defeat. He enjoys his "extras" greatly while they bring the news of victories, but defeats make him load his own Government with execrations, if not try to overturn it, and cause him often to pack up his traps and leave the country if there be any danger of his having to do any fighting himself. These expressions of Jingo character have all shown themselves in Italy within the last few weeks. Where the army is to come from which is to seek Menelek out in his mountains, and lay him low, and enable Italy to turn her attention to the work of peaceful restoration, does not as yet appear. The heart of the people is evidently not in a war in which disasters like that of Abba Carima are probable; but one of the articles in the Jingo creed is that when you go to war you must not count the cost, and that it is base to consider the misery wrought by your defeats. The Abyssinian campaign will probably delay the work of Italian regeneration twenty-five years, and yet how long Italy has waited for it!

Correspondence.

THE PARTHENON INSCRIPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of February 6 contains a reference to the attempts at deciphering, by aid of the nail-prints, the bronze inscription which once stood upon the eastern architrave of the Parthenon. Your readers will be gratified to learn that this difficult task has now been successfully accomplished by an American student. The initial difficulty lay in securing accurate representations of the nail-prints. These are forty feet above the ground, and inaccessible except as one be lowered from the overhanging *geison* blocks some twelve feet above them. In spite of numberless difficulties and hindrances, and certainly at some considerable risk, the work of procuring paper prints or squeezes from the perilous vantage-ground of a swing in mid-air was begun about the middle of January last by Mr. Eugene P. Andrews, a member of the American School. Great patience, persistency, and technical skill, as well as coolness of head, were essential to the work.

The nail-holes appeared in twelve groups between the spaces once occupied by the bronze shields, and only one of these groups could be copied in a day. Sometimes the day's work resulted in failure, but finally three weeks of persistency brought the copies to completion, and the first careful review of them showed that decipherment was only a question of scholarship and patience, for the variety in the order of the nail-prints surely betrayed the indi-

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viduality of the letter-forms. As a rule, only three nails were used to a letter, but the order or relative position of the holes proved to be much the same in all the different occurrences of the same letter.

The first word to emerge was αὐτοκράτορα. It made itself peculiarly vulnerable by its possession of two omicrons, two rhos, two taus, and three alphas (one of them, however, obscured). From this key Mr. Andrews proceeded with his unravelling until, after a fortnight, he was able to make a public report at a meeting of the School, giving practically a complete reading of the inscription. Two proper names alone have not yet been deciphered. The reading is as follows:

η ἐξ Ἀρείου πάγου βουλὴ καὶ ἡ βουλὴ τῶν Χ καὶ ὁ δῆμος ὁ Ἀθηναίων αὐτοκράτορα μέγιστον Νέρωνα Καίσαρα Κλαύδιον Σέβαστον Γερμανικὸν Θεοῦ Υἱὸν στρατηγοῦντος ἐπὶ τοὺς ὁπλίτας τὸ ὄγδοον τοῦ καὶ ἐπιμελητοῦ καὶ νομοθέτου Τι. Κλαυδίου Νουίου τοῦ Φιλίνου ἐπὶ ἱερείας . . . (name of priestess) τῆς . . . (father's name) θυγατρός.

The reference to the eighth term of Novius's generalship fixes the date of the inscription at 61 A. D. It probably accompanied the erection of a statue of Nero, possibly just at the front of the Parthenon. The important historical bearings of the discovery it must be left to Mr. Andrews to set forth in the official publication. The importance of the subject, the difficulty of the task, and the brilliant and successful method of decipherment, have combined to awaken here more general public as well as scientific interest than has attached to any other archæological event of the year.

BENJ. IDE WHEELER.

ATHENS, February 26, 1896.

CUBA LIBRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Everybody knows that what the Jingoes are really aiming at is the annexation of Cuba. The most depressing feature of most of the things which are being said and written about Cuba all over the country is, not their foolishishness, but their hypocrisy.—Yours truly,

X. Z.

CHICAGO, March 12, 1896.

["One of the most accomplished and distinguished officers of the Navy," as the Bangor *Whig and Courier* avouches, writing in praise of Mr. Boutelle's opposition to the Cuban resolutions, thus states the case.—ED NATION.]

"Free Cuba, which our people are so eager to bring about, means in plain English an exchange from the misrule of Spain to perpetual anarchy, when revolution will succeed revolution in one endless chain. Look at the so-called republics of Central and South America for object-lessons. . . . Grant the independence of Cuba to-morrow, and who would be President of the new republic? Gomez, a foreigner, or Maceo, a mulatto without a particle of education. . . . Then would succeed a reign of terror. President Gomez would retain power until Gen. Maceo, in command of the army, wanted his place. Within a year or eighteen months there would be a revolution. The sugar and tobacco crops would be destroyed, property of Americans confiscated or burnt, and this without redress, for in the quicksands of such political life there is no solid foundation of responsibility. This is no mere fancy sketch. . . . The alternative is the annexation of Cuba. Humanity would in time demand such a solution of the question; but that means the occupation of the island for some years to come by a strong military and naval force. Are we prepared for that?"

PERSONAL FICTION AND FACT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the interest of decorum, and as a favour to one of your old contributors, I hope you will admit this letter to your columns.

Thirteen years ago Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker, referring to an article of mine published in the *Nineteenth Century*, expressed himself, with respect to something in it, as follows:

"That such rubbish should be written by a recognized authority in philology ceases to be surprising when it is understood, that the author is, not a Briton, as might be supposed, but one of those extraordinary Americans of the Henry James, jr., stripe [*sic*], who seem to regard it rather as matter of regret than otherwise, that they were not born in Europe. But, that the editor of such a magazine as that in which this effusion appeared should think it worth while to print, and presumably to pay for it," etc., etc.

In *Our Common Speech*, a book which he has recently brought out, Mr. Tucker repeats the professed description of me given above, but embellished by two significant touches. To the words "not born in Europe" is now added, "and who commonly out-British the British themselves in reviling the customs of the United States." Moreover, for "the Henry James, jr., stripe" is now substituted "the 'Carroll Gansevoort' stripe," with a footnote explaining that Carroll Gansevoort figures, in a novel, as a New Yorker who "would have considered himself disgraced if he wore a pair of trousers, or carried an umbrella, that was not of English make." To the best of my self-knowledge, I am just about as comparable to an anthropophagite as to such a phenomenon.

Of my personal predilections, over and above the preference I have acknowledged for good English to bad—as, for instance, *stripe* for *stamp*, and similar slang of the slums and the gutter—my assailant has not the slightest inkling. As to my "reviling the customs of the United States," he would, without question, have tried to justify the charge had it been susceptible of even a semblance of justification.

Again, his grounds for talking of my having written "rubbish" consist of fragments of two sentences, one of which, as he first quoted it in the *North American Review*, and as he requotes it in his book, is so transformed, by the elision, unindicated, of part of it, as to vitiate its purport materially.

"Saepe intereunt aliis meditantes necem."

It is now only six months short of fifty years since I came to live among Englishmen; and, throughout that somewhat protracted period, precisely like nearly any other American, I have always been prompt, and not seldom at the cost of rude handling, to defend my countrymen, their institutions, and their conduct, so far forth as I have thought them defensible. At the same time, dispassionate observation has convinced me that there are certain ways of the Old World which our compatriots, here and there, would profit by imitating. In particular, persons of the type of Mr. Tucker would obviously do well to cultivate, in some matters, the ethos which prevails among the better classes of civilized foreigners. The instruction which seems to be alone likely to weigh with them may, however, be obtained without their going so far afield. At home, quite as well as elsewhere, they may assuredly learn the simple lessons in policy, that coarseness of language and a low tone of thought will recommend them to none but their æsthetic and ethical compeers, and that practices akin to the use of loaded dice are attended with peril of exposure.

Your obedient servant,

FITZEDWARD HALL.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, March 6, 1896.

Notes.

FURTHER spring announcements by Henry Holt & Co. are W. Fraser Rae's 'Life of Sheridan'; Chevrillon's 'In India,' translated by William Marchant; 'Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture,' by Prof. E. P. Evans, with many illustrations; Francke's 'Social Forces in German Literature'; and Mears's 'Emma Lou, Her Book,' the humorous diary of a Western girl.

The Merrymount Press, D. B. Updike, Boston, will have ready before Easter a costly folio 'Altar Book,' containing the order for the celebration of the holy eucharist according to the use of the American Church, with collects, etc. It will be very elaborately adorned with borders and initials, and will be bound in pigskin. The edition will be limited to 350 copies.

Southey's Life of Nelson, edited, with an introduction and notes and a certain amount of compression, by Albert F. Blaisdell, will be added by Ginn & Co. to their "Classics for Children."

Dodd, Mead & Co. invite subscriptions to a limited edition of 'The Journal of Capt. William Pote, jr., during his Captivity in the French and Indian War from May, 1745, to August, 1747,' an inedited document of much interest and historical and genealogical importance, discovered only six years ago in the manuscript, by Bishop Hurst, who furnishes a preface. Mr. Victor H. Paltsits of the Lenox Library will supply an historical introduction, annotations, and an index. Illustrations and maps will add to the attractiveness of a luxurious piece of bookmaking.

Stone & Kimball, Chicago, have in preparation a series of letters from Japan, by William E. Curtis, and 'The Damnation of Theron Ware,' by Harold Frederic.

Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe of Chicago University will edit, and A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish shortly, the first of a series of four small volumes of "Elizabethan Sonnet Cycles." The edition will be limited.

In the autumn we are to have from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. an entirely new Riverside edition of the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe, in some sixteen duodecimo volumes, with bibliographical introductions and notes. For a large-paper edition Mrs. Stowe has already written her firm and handsome autograph.

The Messrs. Putnam's uniform "Mohawk Edition" of the works of James Fenimore Cooper is sure of a welcome. It is generously conceived, the typography is bold, clear and elegant, and the several works comprised in the thirty-two large-12mo volumes are to be had separately at a very reasonable price. There is no editorial apparatus. If we may judge from 'The Spy,' which leads off, there will be a frontispiece illustration in each volume, and a vignette upon the rubricated title-page. The binding is in a tasteful red cloth, and the new series is designed to range on the shelf beside the "Hudson Edition" of Irving.

Mr. R. H. Davis's sketchy magazine articles remain what they were, though now collected into a volume, 'Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America' (Harpers). His frank

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audacities of ignorance about many matters, and the boyish gravity with which he dispenses good advice to perplexed statesmen, must be taken as a part of the abandon and light-heartedness which make up the main charm of his book—and that it has a charm of its own, slight as it is, is undeniable.

A second edition of Colonel Winthrop's 'Military Law and Precedents' has been issued by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The original work was recognized at once as a most complete and authoritative guide in courts martial and all the other military courts and boards which have judicial powers. Great care has been taken to collate all the American and English authorities, and, in the new edition, to bring down the law and the rulings to the present date. This fulness of treatment results in two stout law octavos, but the space is usefully filled with matter which makes the work a necessity to general law libraries, as well as a vade-mecum for judge-advocates and military tribunals. The same author has also prepared a new and annotated edition of the 'Digest of the Opinions of the Judge-Advocate General.'

We have had for some time on our table the illustrated 'Handbook of the New Public Library in Boston,' compiled by Herbert Small (Boston: Curtis & Co.). It is a very thorough and minute description of the costly building (which is a monument as well as a bookcase), and should satisfy the most ardent curiosity of visitors. An example of the editorial painstaking is shown in an identification of the printers' marks which form so happy a feature of the external decoration. There are professional chapters on the Architecture of the Library, by C. Howard Walker, and on the Significance of the Library, by Lindsay Swift.

After the *Yellow Book* the Pink. The editor of the *Savoy*, the newest illustrated quarterly (London : Leonard Smithers), professes catholicity. "We have no formulas," he says, "and we desire no false unity of form or matter. We have not invented a new point of view. We are not Realists or Romanticists, or Decadents. For us, all art is good which is good art." And he further disclaims originality for originality's sake, and audacity for the sake of advertising, as well as timidity "for the convenience of the elderly-minded." Of this last defect there is indeed little in his pages, but we will not answer for the absence of the other two. The general effect of the publication is that of an avatar of the *Yellow Book*, with most of its contributors, only a little the worse for wear. Mr. Beardsley appears in a double, or rather triple, rôle, as artist, poet, and romancer. His drawings have lost their chief charm in his abandonment of pure black and white and his feeble introduction of hatchings, while they are as unpleasant as ever in type of face and forms; and his so-called Romantic Novel is entirely unintelligible except as a description of his drawings. The other "artists" of the number are noticeable only for their utter incompetence. Amid this rubbish the two drawings by Sandys and the one by Whistler, which illustrate Mr. Pennell's article on "A Golden Decade in English Art" (1860 to 1870), are strangely mismated, and their sturdy quality sets one to wondering what has happened to England since such men illustrated and Thackeray wrote.

"The Decoration of Book-Edges," a paper by Cyril Davenport, occupies the post of honor in *Bibliographica*, Part viii. (Scribners), and deservedly. An interesting theme is treated agreeably and with authority. W. J. Hardy's "The Book Plates of J. Skinner of Bath" is a contribution both to the collector's fad and to the history of engraving in England, and Henry R. Plomer quarries from a legal document matter of great interest for the printer's art in discoursing of "John Rastell and his Contemporaries." Robert K. Douglas's "Chinese Illustrated Books" maintains the level of excellence of the foregoing articles in a very even number, which Austin Dobson enlivens with an account of "Pickle's 'Club.'" Mr. Douglas points out what Japanese art owes to Chinese, and remarks on the employment of our familiar Western device of showing in a cloud the dream supposed to be filling the mind of the sleeper beneath. His pictorial illustrations are very attractive.

The most significant article in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for March is that by the Rev. C. F. Dole, which advocates the merging of the Divinity School in the general courses of the University and the non-segregation of its attendants. This writer's contention is that a clergyman cannot have too broad an education, and that there is no special mystery of the craft—as, *e. g.*, pulpit rhetoric—which exacts a professional training; on the other hand, that it would be an advantage to have the divinity courses made attractive and accessible to all the students of the University without regard to their aim in life. "I would," says Mr. Dole, "permit no course of study to be considered as for 'ministers' only." As for Hebrew scholarship, "the average minister, both for training his mind and for practical benefit and helpfulness, had far better make a study of music" The report of progress in the matter of a University Club seems to show that this enterprise is assured of success in view of its generally acknowledged need and the character of the chief promoters of it. Portraits of the late Rev. S. F. Smith and of President Holyoke (after Copley) adorn this number.

In the March number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, Mr. Bernhard Berenson, in discussing the Italian pictures he found in New York, Boston, and Newport, draws attention to the fact that within ten years there will remain scarcely an Italian picture worth the buying, as all the better kind are being rapidly bought up by the public collections of Europe. Mr. Berenson deplores the inaccessibility of the few Italian masterpieces we are fortunate enough to possess. In the New York Historical Society's rooms he instances a Piero della Francesca, and other precious works, squalidly kept in murky apartments, and, even thus, to be seen only as a very special favor, and never thrown open to the public.

Bulletin No. 2, New Series, Division of Entomology, of the United States Department of Agriculture, a pamphlet of 100 pages, contains numerous hints of importance to horticulturists and farmers, or others who suffer from the depredations of insects and are exercised in finding means of prevention. The paper is entitled "Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Association of Economic Entomologists." The topics discussed include gypsy moths, cutworms, leaf beetles, scale insects, chinch bugs, borers, other insects, insecticides, spraying apparatus, traps, prospects of benefits from importations of parasites, etc., etc.; and many suggestions are made concerning habits, methods, and results, which should prove beneficial in preventing waste of time and labor in needless experimentation by individual farmers or others. Technical Series No. 1 of the same division is a 'Revision of the Aphelininæ of North America,' by L. O. Howard, Entomologist. The Aphelininæ are hymenopterous insects parasitic upon the scale insects which are so destructive to fruits, plants, and trees. The parasites have proved themselves efficient aids to the husbandman. The paper contains 44 pages, on which are illustrations of a number of the species. The Department of Agriculture also publishes "North American Fauna, No, 10," a paper of 100 pages and 12 plates on North American Shrews, by Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Gerrit S. Miller. The work makes a good appearance; it is evidently very carefully done, and contains much that is of permanent value. The plates contain illustrations of the skulls and teeth of different species of the little mammals.

—No day in the calendar of the Wisconsin Historical Society will be more red-lettered than the 29th of February, 1896. On that day it received from Rome a long desiderated monograph, 'Bressani's Breve Relatione d'alcune Missioni, *editio princeps*'. (Macerata, 1653; pp. 128). This book was one of those immortals which are not made mechanically but grow naturally. Bressani, a native of Rome, labored eight years in Canadian missions, was captured, tortured daily for months, burnt by inches, then ransomed by the Dutch and shipped to France. Only one of his fingers remained unmutilated, but he took passage westward in the first vessel bound for Quebec, and made his way to the Huron mission on Georgian Bay. He worked there, bating no jot of heart or hope, till its hopeless collapse in 1648. His heart's desire was to die preaching on and on towards the Pacific, with his face thitherward, "had not the inscrutable decrees of God disposed otherwise." Ordered back to Italy by his Superior in 1650, he survived for two and twenty years, "bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus," an object-lesson in martyrdom, and provocative of endless curiosity. His book is a mere transcript of the answers he must have made many a time. It was the more needed because the Jesuit Relations, which had already, for a score of years, brought out an annual volume in Paris, were printed only in French, a tongue not understanded of the people of Italy. Bressani's booklet (6x8 inches; in flexible vellum binding), speaking of few things save what his own eyes had seen, was suited to the purses and proclivities of the plain people. Most copies of it must have come into the hands of persons who had no other book, and who by continual use used it up. One specimen, obtained from Rome in 1850 by Father Martin of Montreal and translated by him into French, he believed to be the only one then in America. Perhaps it was. Winsor, however, mentions four, and some others appear in bibliographies—as one that sold in 1892 for $40 (Gagnan). The Wisconsin copy shows the bookplate of a monastery, now perhaps extinct. Some twenty years ago Father Martin's original, the unique jewel of St. Mary's library, unaccountably vanished, spirited away, no doubt, by some one who had learned that stealing relics of the saints is a very pious fraud. But in reading Bressani—a dose given to work a long time after—he was cured of his casuistry, and he has just made restitution of the stolen goods. *Gloria in excelsis!* cried the overjoyed librarian, as he opened the wrapper of the Martin Bressani coming forth to him in resurrection, and increasing his faith in all varieties of conscience money.

—Jesuit authorities have never lacked worldly wisdom. They showed it while exacting frequent and full reports from all their labor-

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ers in the Canadian missionary fields, and every year publishing the information thus obtained, condensed in a handy duodecimo. The thirty-nine volumes thus produced onward from 1632 embody the observations of able and well-trained men, often the first explorers of a terra incognita, and always snappers up of significant trifles unconsidered by others. A mass of material to serve for the history of the New Dominion in its earliest period was thus accumulated and fastened in a sure place. This treasure has no parallel in any one of our thirteen colonies. Nor has it been paralleled in subsequent Canadian history, though it has been well supplemented in several lines. Gleanings from the Relations are early traceable even in Protestant writers, but the preëminent value of those documents was not plain till within the last half century. It began to dawn on Sparks and Bancroft, and was still more clear to Parkman. Meantime, the *editio princeps* (called Cramoisy from the name of the publisher) was either entombed in European libraries, or worn out in the hands of private owners. The series in its entirety baffled the endeavors of many collectors, no matter how long their purses. The first American who became master of a complete set was James Lenox. Who has done likewise? Forty years ago, wanting two, the Canadian Government reprinted the 39 Cramoisys, rolling up thirteen of them in each of three corpulent octavos. This reprint, if found at all, is held at fifty dollars. It was followed by O'Callaghan and Shea with a sort of Cramoisys, limited, however, to a hundred copies of one and twenty-five of the other. Hitherto, however, the Relations have remained in the original French, and hence continue to be a sealed book to all students whose linguistics have not carried them further than the novels of Zola. Accordingly, no news can be more welcome to students of history than the prospectus of a Cleveland publisher that he has in a good state of forwardness a complete reissue of the Jesuit Relations. Here will appear the original French, and, page by page, an English translation by a scholar who has made a life study of the French, and especially the Canadian dialect, of the seventeenth century. This edition of 750 copies will be illustrated by every species of note which may best elucidate the text; it will include Relations of a kindred character not in the Cramoisys; it will abound in maps for lack of which the journeys described have been obscure; it will present portraits of all worthies in the Relations whose lineaments are known, and will be especially rich in facsimiles of their most memorable writings. This historic boon fitly comes from Cleveland, midway between the east and west limits of the Jesuits, and under the editorship of Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, which stands without a peer in the West, and possibly in the East, as a quarry of material for building up the fabric of northwestern history.

—In the *Journal des Débats* of February 19 M. Alfred Rambaud prints an instructive article on "La Russie qui lit." His information is largely drawn from a series of studies published in different Russian reviews by N. A. Rubakin, who concerns himself with Russian literature, not in regard to its writers, who are many and some of them very great, but in regard to its readers, who present a far less satisfactory object of contemplation. In the first place, Russia has far fewer readers than any other modern nation. In 1886 less than 30 per cent. of her conscripts were able to read at all, and the number of readers at the present time cannot be higher than 35 per cent. Even this low figure does not fairly represent the true ratio of the lettered and unlettered, for the conscripts are drawn from the younger, and consequently the better educated, portion of the male population; and, besides, there are in Russia many more schools for boys than for girls. It is perhaps doubtful whether out of the hundred and twenty-five millions of the empire more than twenty millions know their letters. What have these twenty millions to read? In every country it is the newspapers and magazines which are most read. Russia has but few of these—nine hundred only, according to Mr. Rubakin's reckoning; that is to say, seven times fewer than Germany, and five times fewer than France. For a million of inhabitants Switzerland has 230 periodicals; Belgium, 153; Norway, 89; Spain, 68; Greece, 36; Servia, 26; and Russia only 9. There is a corresponding scarcity of books, and an especial lack of new books. A large proportion of the latter are pirated from foreign authors, most of the native books being republications. The first year after the expiration of the copyright on Pushkin's works, 163 editions were brought out, amounting to about two million copies. There is a great dearth, too, of public libraries, there being hardly more than in Japan. The number of these is, however, increasing. In 1830 there were but three—at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa. In 1856 there were only forty-nine; since then, libraries have considerably increased in number, but most of them are as yet but ill furnished with books. In 1887 there were in all Russia only 1,271 bookstores. Of all the Russian writers, Tolstoi is the one who is most read; Turgeneff and Dostoyevsky dispute the second place. Of translations, most are from the French; for every German book that is translated there are two or three English and a dozen or fifteen French ones. It is not, however, the works of the greater French writers that are most in vogue, but rather those of men like Gustave Aymard, Xavier de Montépin, and Ferdinand de Boisgobey. Dumas *père*, however, stands well on the list; Zola towards the bottom, but much above Cooper, Dickens, and Walter Scott. There is no demand for French or English classics.

—The Imperial Government of Japan permitted Col. W. Taylor, Army Medical Staff, detailed by the British Government, to accompany their army in the field in the late Chinese war, and his report of their 'Medico-Military Arrangements' in 1894-5 has been published with a promptness unusual for public documents on either side of the Atlantic. In one sense it was unfortunate for science that the Chinese, notwithstanding thousands of the new arm were in their arsenals, preferred the older weapons, and in some instances used bows and arrows, and that the Japanese troops which were equipped with the new magazine gun were not engaged. Therefore the effect of the long-range small-bore, when used on a large scale, is not yet determined. Although not taxed to nearly its capacity as a whole, the Japanese medical service, at the front and on the line of communication as well as at the base, was admirably managed. With a forethought that English-speaking nations, and especially we ourselves, might well practise, the Japanese had given their officers and men constant opportunity to master in time of peace every duty, and to be practically familiar with their entire equipment. It was owing to the careful regard of that principle that, as Col. Taylor expresses it, the actual work of the Medical Department was "easy, smooth, and efficient," and that that department was "able to go through its first campaign with such brilliant success." Notwithstanding the occasional necessary overcrowding, "there were no cases of septicæmia." That speaks volumes not only for the Japanese but for the future. It establishes a record, a mark below which military surgery hereafter should not fall, but doubtless will. But to those, whether medical or lay, who remember what appeared to be the pathological necessities of the Rebellion, the surgical millennium would seem really arrived when that could be truthfully written. Very singularly, although the gospel of cleanliness and of asepsis was scrupulously followed within the hospitals, sanitation properly so called outside of them was not provided for by the regulations, and it was only after a long time that the Japanese seemed to be awake to its importance. When aroused they acted with their usual intelligence, energy, and thoroughness, and, as in the case of Kinchow, they placed in a good sanitary state "a town which had been occupied for hundreds of years by the filthiest people in the world." The Japanese system is by no means perfect. For instance, their transport service is under dual control; and as no man can serve two masters any more successfully in the nineteenth century than in the first, some of the disabled who required moving suffered.

—One instance of the gallantry of the medical corps is noted at Wei-hai-wei, where, as a regiment exposed to the sudden action of the quick-firing guns of seven vessels had many men killed and wounded in a very few seconds, and was obliged to fall to the ground and crawl to shelter to escape annihilation, the medical officers, separately and accompanied by stretchers and attendants, walked across the beach in the face of an incessant hail of bullets, "and in twenty minutes stretcher-bearers, attendants, and medical officers, walking quietly and coolly away, had removed every dead and wounded officer and man from the beach, the Chinese ships having kept up a continuous and terrific fire upon them all the time." As the historian well remarks, "it was a splendid deed of heroism that can never be forgotten," and "it will be an enduring proof of the efficiency in the field of the Japanese medical service." Their special addition to the *armamentarium chirurgicum* appears to be the use of straw ash, which, free from grit and enclosed in antiseptic gauze bags as devised by Dr. Kikuchi, was applied as pads to the wounds and was very serviceable.

—There are many signs that Germany, of all countries the most conservative as concerns the emancipation of woman, is actively bestirring herself. In a single recent number (March 1) of *Die Frauenbewegung* we find reports of several public meetings in various parts of the fatherland well attended by women and men of standing, interested in the furtherance of the cause. In Berlin, at a large meeting called by Frau Schulrat Cauer and Frau Rechtsanwalt Bieber, the "position of woman in the projected new civil code" for the German Empire was discussed with remarkable ability; of the speeches given in full in the journal mentioned, that of Fräulein Anita Augspurg, cand. jur., deserves especial mention. That the leaders of the movement are not lacking in practical sense and ability is proved by the measures adopted for pleading with the members of the Reichstag in favor of

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more just legislation than the present draft of the new law provides. At another meeting in the same city, Prof. Dr. Med. Waldeyer, formerly noted for his hostility to the woman movement, acknowledged his conversion, and stated his conviction that man is not justified in denying to woman an academical education; and Sanitätsrat Dr. Küster upheld the present agitation on ethical grounds. At Stuttgart, Pastor Gerok is reported as doing good service to the cause of woman by a series of addresses before steadily increasing audiences; while a high military officer from the ranks of the nobility, Oberstlieutenant von Egidy, is advancing most liberal views at Brunswick, vindicating for woman the right enjoyed by men to all the intellectual and material possessions of the race.

MR. PUNCH.

The History of "Punch." By M. H. Spielmann. With numerous illustrations. New York: The Cassell Publishing Co. 1895. Pp. xvi, 592.

THERE are families in which *Punch* is not known, or is known only as a "paper" to buy now and then, and there are families in which the volumes accumulate with the passing years, and prove much more valuable as a permanent possession than they were in the form of weekly flying leaves. It would be interesting to search the writings of cultivated Englishmen and Americans and to bring together the numerous citations and allusions, the quoted sayings, and the narratives confessedly original with *Mr. Punch*. Many of his sayings have passed into the language as bywords, the true origin of which is unsuspected. And yet it is not as an epigrammatist that *Punch* is most successful. Epigram is not common in English wit, and humorous fun knows it not. Parody, on the other hand, is *Punch's* own particular ground; and there are almost no parodies anywhere better than *Mr. Punch's*, more close to the original, more delightfully humorous, or more poetic. It argues a wider reading than is generally thought to exist by Englishmen of English poetry that parodies on the works of the masters of verse, ancient and modern, should be expected to make their way in such a fashion. The verses are that kind of fun which clings to the memory, being often excellently well composed, masterly in rhyme and metre. Sometimes they have become favorite poems, even of the reader who does not know the originals.

Of original verse *Punch* is not as lavish now as in olden times. There was a day when Thackeray was a member of the staff, and when such poems as "Little Kitty Lorimer" and the ballads of Policeman X, the Peacock and the Bul-bul, and "What makes my heart to thrill and glow," were to be looked for from week to week. "The Mahogany-tree" came out in *Punch* at the right time—that is to say, at Christmas, in one of the early years—and its original title was, appropriately, "*Punch* Singeth at Christmas." Some of the Thackeray songs have never been reprinted, we think, but, whether reissued or not, there is not much better comic poetry than the "Three Christmas Waits." The three waits are Louis Philippe, a Chartist rioter (not named), and Smith O'Brien; need it be said that the year of the poem is 1848? Years before, at Christmas time 1843, the "Song of the Shirt" appeared in *Punch* with a border around it filled with little figures having no relation to the poem. Eight pages further on is another poem, evidently by the same writer, in whose hands pathos and humor were one, "The Pauper's Christmas Carol." A few weeks later is a little poem in six short stanzas, also by Hood, when near his end. This is called "Reflections on New Year's Day," and the reflecting personage is evidently a very poor man who thinks that the wishes offered him for a happy new year might take the form of something to wear. To find the equal or the companion to these poems in force and pathos we have to turn to the volume for 1865 and read the poem on the death of Abraham Lincoln, beginning "*You* lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier." Tom Taylor was not Tom Hood, nor a poet in the sense that the older man was a poet, but, under the stress of this strange event, which suddenly reminded the London public that there was pathos and eventful living across the Atlantic, a strenuous poem was written. The poem on the death of Prince Albert, December, 1861, was in no way worthy to compare with the last, nor is it common in the later volumes to find anything serious or strong; but in January, 1875, there is something fine—"Rough Voices from the East End," which speak in these words:

"Which Parson says it is
Our dooty to be grateful,
Even when bread's riz,
And meat no end a plateful.
. . . . . .

"Now, it's easy to like skittles,
Or bagatelle, or pool-board,
But without a meal o' wittles
'Tain't many wallies School-Board.

"Which larning 'elps a kinchin
If he've the heart to con it,
But that's 'ard, with hunger pinchin',
And a board with nuffin on it."

Nonsense of the well-known type appeared in *Punch* as early as 1845, a year before the publication of Lear's first 'Book of Nonsense.' Long afterwards *Mr. Punch* began the publication of more verses of the sort, "to be continued until every town in the Kingdom shall have been immortalized." In fact, each stanza had to do with a town, *e. g.*:

"There was a young lady of Birmingham—
When the bishop came down there confirming 'em,
She sent him some frogs,
And some nice little dogs,
And a tract about feeding and worming 'em."

At a later time Mr. Du Maurier, who had written other most amusing verse which it is sad to have to pass in silence, started similar verses in French under the general title, "Vers Nonsensiques." Among these there was one at any rate in unintelligible argot unless it was in gibberish.

Punch's prose, like his verse, was more literary in the early days, and has been more a matter of current satire and comment during the past twenty years. In 1845, Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures were going on, and other things only less celebrated by Douglas Jerrold preceded and followed them, such as the "Story of a Feather" and "Our Honeymoon"; the last an admirable piece of writing, and more gentle in its satire than was the habit of the savage Jerrold. At the same time and later, Thackeray's Snob Papers were in course of publication in *Punch*—the same which now make up the 'Book of Snobs.' There is a good deal about Jeames, with some papers that have not been included in Thackeray's collected works. There were the "Letters to a Young Man about Town," there was "*Punch* in the East" and other contributions by the Fat Contributor, there were the Epitaphs on the four Georges, there were the stories by "*Punch's* Prize Novelists," of which "Phil. Fogarty, by Harry Rolliker," is the most famous, and there were many things which one cannot but suppose to be Thackeray's work, such as the Bashi-Bazouk Papers in 1855 and the "New Portrait of Prince Albert"; but indeed there are a host of things which seem to be the work of Titmarsh. Sometimes there were pieces of solid reading apart from Thackeray's continued essays. There was, for instance, that queer romance, "The Naggletons," which ran through many numbers, twenty years ago; and forty years ago there was the very clever story, "Miss Violet and her Lovers," which the readers of *Punch* seem generally to neglect—the nearest approach to a serial novel that *Punch* ever made.

Of late years, as we have intimated, the fun in *Punch's* prose is more local and temporary—more a part of the news of the day. None of it all is better than Mr. Lucy's wonderful analysis of Parliamentary doings, beginning in 1881. (It is to be feared that American, and even some English, ideas of the cleverness of repartee of members of the House may be based upon the "Diary of Toby, M. P.," rather than upon fact.) But Mr. Anstey and others have kept up the old traditions, as in "Voces Populi" and in "Travelling Companions."

So far we have written without much reference to the book under consideration, but we must take from it now the statement that the famous dialogue, "'What is mind?' 'No matter.' 'What is matter?' 'Never mind,'" is not from *Punch* at all. To be sure, nobody said that it was, but it is a relief to know that one need not hunt through 110 thin volumes or 55 thick ones in search of it. On the other hand, it was a *Punch* joke, with an excellent illustration to it by Charles Keene in his youth, which expressed the extravagance of London in a few words. One "Peebles body" says to another: "E eh, Mac! ye're sune hame again." And the other answers: "E-eh, it's just a ruinous place, that! Mun, a had na' been the-erre abune twa hoours when—Bang—went saxpence!!!" Mr. Spielmann's volume reproduces as the best—that is to say, the most popular—joke in *Punch*, that which appeared in the Almanack for 1845. It was an advertisement, at least in appearance, and the newspapers of the day would supply the prototype of it:

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.
Advice to persons about to marry—Don't!

Mr. Spielmann expends two pages upon this immortal joke and on its origin, and it appears that, after many claimants and many attributions had been dismissed, it was finally agreed that it came from the regular staff in the regular way, and was really the invention of Henry Mayhew.

Still, however, it is illustration, and not text, which makes *Punch* dear to the after-world and the foreign world; to people who are not of London and to those who open the volume years after its issue. The pictures do not often need any intimate knowledge of the political talk of the day; the purely political caricatures, including very many of the large "cartoons," seem, even to many well-instructed students of *Punch*, inferior to those of purely social character. There is in this great unsorted and non-catalogued mass of illustration something for every lover of pictures, from the little six-year-old girl who is delighted with the train of cars which she finds simulated in the row of tea-cups drawn apparently by a steaming and bubbling teapot, to the older connoisseur who loves the beautiful landscape effects of Leech or the strong characterization of Charles Keene. To name the artists of *Punch* is to name the most celebrated and the most deservedly celebrated draughtsmen of the modern English world, always ex-

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cepting George Cruikshank. John Leech and Charles Keene are certainly the most artistic of them, with Harry Furniss in a good second place. George Du Maurier, even more popular than Leech, is narrow in his art, but full of grace and charm. Richard Doyle was certainly the best illustrative artist that ever lived who could not draw the figure under any circumstances. Sir John Tenniel, better known by his large cartoons than in any other way, formal, cold, not often humorous, at least in *Punch*, has yet a popular charm, hard to explain. Randolph Caldecott made a few drawings for *Punch*—eighteen in all—scattered over ten years. Linley Sambourne is the most individual and independent artist in all the world of illustration; he has developed a style of drawing which is all his own, but his gift at humorous design seems to have been born in him, and even as early as 1867 his astonishing headpieces and initials, which were all he was allowed to supply, prepared those who could see originality, under feeble execution, for what was to come when he had mastered his methods. The celebrated drawing of *Punch's* centennial dinner, "The Mahogany Tree," dated July 18, 1891, may be called his greatest achievement.

It is unnecessary to mention the failures, for *Punch* generally abandoned his failures—turned from his evil ways without delay. Thackeray can hardly be called a failure, in spite of the hideous ugliness of his drawings and their lack of skill and knowledge, for they were at least very well fitted to their text, and were funny. It is impossible, however, to omit mention of the one long-continued series of worthless drawings, namely, that begun in 1866 and known to be by Miss Bowers. Mr. Spielmann rightly says that this artist had the gift to see a joke; but it must always remain a mystery that her feeble artistic work should have been allowed to disfigure *Mr. Punch's* gallery. There is allusion to it on page 529 of Mr. Spielmann's volume, with but a word or two as to its quality. Finally, the work of the latest years finds its best expression in Mr. J. Bernard Partridge and Mr. Phil May—real artists, both of them.

As for the book itself, it is of course capital reading, and contains, of course, a vast amount of information which one is glad to possess. The authentic account of the weekly dinners, and the diners, and their initials and ciphers cut on the table-top, is alone reason enough for this book's existence. The illustrations are nearly all of value. On the other hand, the need that every one must feel of a book of reference to *Punch* is not well supplied, as allusions to any particular subject, article, writer, or artist are scattered throughout these many pages, and the index to the volume, which would need to be very full if it were to serve all its purposes, is very far from being complete. To have the index pages interleaved, and to write upon the extra pages your own references to the mention and description of your own favorites, would be the way to utilize this book.

CRETAN PICTOGRAPHS.

Cretan Pictographs and Præ-Phœnician Script. By Arthur J. Evans, M.A., F.S.A. Pp. viii, 146. London: Bernard Quaritch; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

THE accomplished keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford has published a book of more than common interest. That Cretan antiquities form the study of classical archæologists is a matter of course, and Mr. Evans's travels in Crete have yielded much that is worthy of close attention from this necessarily limited and exclusive class; but the bearing of his discoveries and discussions is wide, and the student of civilization even with slender archæological equipment will be fascinated by the suggestions of the volume.

The kernel of the matter is this: Mr. Evans has discovered in Crete a large number of objects bearing signs somewhat resembling the Hittite, and others inscribed with linear characters hitherto unknown. By comparing still others, found on Ægean Islands and remoter parts of the Eastern Mediterranean basin, he has reached highly important conclusions as to a great chapter in the history of ideographic, syllabic, and alphabetic signs. These are put forward tentatively and with reserve, but the very moderation of the author gives his observations additional weight, and, however his facts may be finally interpreted, they are sure to modify considerably the views of the relation of ancient Mediterranean peoples which have been recently current. Many of the objects examined are inscribed stones of small size, used apparently as seals and ornaments; others are vases and jars, of stone and of clay; a few are implements and ornaments of metal. The picture-signs, or "pictographs," inscribed on them represent a great variety of common things—human and animal figures, or parts of them; heads, arms, legs, eyes; birds and fishes; tools, weapons, and musical instruments; fences, gates, and doors; household vessels, ships, trees, and flowers, sun, moon, and stars, mountains and valleys. There are also geometrical figures and other designs not easily classified. These are so placed and grouped as to make it wholly probable that we have to do with a system of ideographic signs, designed to communicate ideas or classes of ideas through the eye. Mr. Evans has found, in all, some eighty-two of these picture-symbols.

A comparison between the Cretan discoveries and objects found in Egypt, Asia, several Ægean Islands, and the Peloponnesus yields interesting results bearing on the age of the symbols and on the extent of their use. One well-established connection seems to be that with the best age of Mycenæan civilization, borne out by objects excavated at Mycenæ and at Hissarlik. Another is with the art of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, and in particular with objects from Kahun and Tel el-Amarna, found by Mr. Petrie. The Cretan picture-writing was, then, apparently developed to a high degree prior to B. C. 1500. But this is not all. There is a much earlier class of the inscribed stones, resembling in important respects early Egyptian scarabs. For this comparison it is not necessary to tread on Egyptian soil. At Hagios Onuphrios, in Crete, near the site of Phæstos, a deposit has been found, in an ancient necropolis, containing (besides the inscribed seal-stones) figures, pottery, implements, and ornaments, all of pre-Mycenæan times, and reaching back—on the evidence of similar primitive objects from Amorgos in the Ægean, and from the lower strata of Hissarlik—2,000 or 2,500 years B. C. More conclusively still, while these Cretan seals show the influence of Egyptian scarabs of the twelfth dynasty, prior to B. C. 2500, a considerable number of such scarabs themselves were found in the same deposit. The picture system was, then, in use in Crete as early as this date. A further step is made possible by the observation of a group of Cretan hieroglyphic seals of extremely archaic appearance, showing no trace of Egyptian influence, and not connected with any Egyptian finds—presumably, therefore, much earlier. In these Mr. Evans sees direct evidence of the prevalence of the Cretan pictographs nearly or quite as early as B. C. 3000, and their origin must of course be much earlier still.

The light thus thrown on the relations of the Hittite symbols is plain. If, for 1,500 or 2,000 years, the Ægean islands and the Peloponnesus were familiar with a pictorial script, of which some characteristic signs strongly resemble certain Hittite hieroglyphs, the inference is natural that the script which is traceable at so many points in Western Asia and Asia Minor in particular was not developed without Ægean influence, or at least was not without Ægean kinship; and the possibility arises that a clue to the one set of symbols may give at length the true clue to the other.

But there is something of still greater importance. Besides the pictographs there is also a considerable group of linear signs on seals, vases, building-stones, and other objects found in Crete, at Mycenæ, and in places under the same influence. Some have been discovered at Kahun and Gurob in Egypt, where they appear as foreign signs. Thirty-two linear characters in all have been noted. Some of these occur as early as the time of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty. Mr. Evans regards them as "quasi-alphabetic," or, more exactly, as syllabic. They appear, like the pictographs, to have been in wide use. They are relatively abundant at Mycenæ, while the pictographs are not, which is interpreted to mean that they early drove out the pictographs, while in Crete, the proper home of both, the two lived together for a long time. It is apparently possible, in a dozen cases or more, to trace the derivation of the linear sign from the pictograph. We seem to have going on before our eyes, as we examine these objects, the process of transition from picture-system to syllabary of which evidences more or less distinct are found in Babylonia and Egypt, but without trace of influence from either of them. We learn also that the energetic people or peoples who inhabited the Peloponnesus and the whole Ægean basin 4,000 years ago were not destitute, as has been often supposed, of a medium of written communication, and that when Phœnician traffic brought Phœnician letters, it was not as the supply of a total lack, but as a better substitute, that they made their way.

This brings us to the matter of crowning interest. Mr. Evans raises the question, to which, with great self-restraint, he offers no positive and sweeping answer, whether the Phœnician alphabet itself may not be largely indebted to this linear Ægean script. This almost takes one's breath away. Nothing has seemed more certain than that the alphabet is Oriental. But with the Cretan discoveries the question becomes inevitable. It cannot be denied that on this point hypothesis has still a tolerably free field. De Rougé's theory of alphabetic development from the Egyptian hieratic signs—plausible and strongly urged—has held its ground more because no other satisfactory explanation was offered than because of its intrinsic strength. Deecke's attempt to explain the Phœnician letters from the Assyrian cuneiform signs failed miserably, and even Dr. Peters's scholarly endeavor to avoid Deecke's disaster by substituting, far more wisely, the ancient Babylonian character, has not convinced the scholarly world. The Tel el-Amarna tablets, witnessing to the cuneiform signs as the medium of intercourse between Egypt and Palestine in the fifteenth century B. C., have interfered with all these theories.

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It would be curious enough if facts should at length show that the alphabet welcomed by Greece as a foreign gift, is really the descendant of an emigrant from Crete, coming back as a princely benefactor to the children or successors of its forgotten ancestors.

The points to which Mr. Evans calls especial attention are these: Of the 32 known signs in the Cretan linear script, 15 appear in the Cypriote syllabary. But Cyprus is very near to Syria. Half-a dozen signs actually correspond in form, some of them strikingly, with old Shemitic letters (Sabean, Moabite, Phœnician). Eight agree closely with signs on potsherds found by Mr. Bliss in the earliest strata of Tel el Hesy (before B. C. 1500). The Philistines, in whose territory Tel el-Hesy lies, came from Caphtor, and Caphtor is Crete. Indeed, some of the early pictographs—*e. g.*, the figure of a kneeling camel—point to ancient commerce between Crete and Syria, and the names of several Phœnician (Hebrew) letters, *Aleph*, *He*, *Cheth*, *'Ayin*, etc., are names of objects which appear in the Cretan pictographs. The suggestion of this possible origin for the alphabet is most attractive, and no serious objection to it at present appears. Mr. Evans summarizes the evidence as follows:

"The Cretan pictographs give us a good warrant for believing—what even without such evidence common sense would lead us to expect—that a primitive system of picture-writing had existed in the Ægean lands at a very remote period. The antiquity of these figures is indeed in some cases curiously brought out by the fact, already pointed out, that they actually exhibit the actions of a primitive gesture-language. Furthermore we see certain ideographic forms, no doubt once widely intelligible on the coasts and islands of the eastern Mediterranean, reduced to linear signs which find close parallels in Cyprus and Phœnicia. Finally, some of the names of the Phœnician letters lead us back to the same pictographic originals which in Crete we find actually existing.

"To the Phœnicians belongs the credit of having finally perfected this system and reduced it to a purely alphabetic shape. Their acquaintance with the various forms of Egyptian writing no doubt assisted them in their final development. Thus it happened that it was from a Semitic source and under a Semitic guise that the Greeks received their alphabet in later days. But the evidence now accumulated from Cretan soil seems at least to warrant the suspicion that the earlier elements out of which the Phœnician system was finally evolved were largely shared by the primitive inhabitants of Hellas itself. So far, indeed, as the evidence at our disposal goes, the original centre of this system of writing should be sought nearer Crete than Southern Syria" (p. 98).

The racial connections of the men who invented the pictographs and developed the linear script from them receive little fresh light from these discoveries, although Mr. Evans seems to show the probability that there were early Greek settlers in Crete, and that the system was employed (in part, but not originally) by those who spoke Greek. The language of the inscribed objects preserved to us is unknown as yet.

Certain bye-paths of the discussion we have of necessity left unnoticed; *e. g.*, the part played by Crete as a transmitter of Egyptian culture on its way to remote parts of Europe. The development of the main theme is certainly sufficient to establish the remarkable significance of the book.

BOOKS ON ART.

Evolution in Art, as Illustrated by the Life-histories of Designs. By Alfred C. Haddon, Professor of Zoölogy, Royal College of Science, Dublin, Corresponding Member of the Italian Society of Anthropology, etc. London: Walter Scott; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

Renaissance Fancies and Studies. By Vernon Lee. Being a Sequel to 'Euphorion.' London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896.

The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance. With an Index to their Works. By Bernhard Berenson, Author of 'Venetian Painters of the Renaissance,' 'Lorenzo Lotto: An Essay in Constructive Art Criticism,' etc. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896.

La Culture Artistique en Amérique. Par S. Bing. Paris: 22 Rue de Provence; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer. 1896.

The Illustration of Books: A Manual for the Use of Students; Notes for a Course of Lectures at the Slade School, University College. By Joseph Pennell, Author of 'Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen,' 'Modern Illustration,' etc. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: The Century Co.

Studies in the Science of Drawing in Art. By Aimée Osborne Moore. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1895.

THESE six books are exemplifications of the numerous and distinct points of view from which the fine arts may be regarded. The first of them is the work of "a biologist who has had his attention turned to the subject of decorative art," and deals "with the arts of design from a biological or natural-history point of view"; its object being "to show that delineations have an individuality and a life-history which can be studied quite irrespectively of their artistic merit." The work calls for review from a scientist rather than from a critic of art, but even an art critic can feel, though perhaps he cannot quite appreciate, its admirable tone of scientific caution and unbiassed investigation. The volume opens with a detailed consideration of the decorative art of British New Guinea "as an example of the method of study," after which more general ideas are taken up, and "the materials of which patterns are made" and "the reasons for which objects are decorated" are illustrated from the arts of various peoples in various ages, the whole concluding with a statement of "the scientific method of studying decorative art." Many most interesting examples of the change of patterns through evolution or degeneration are given, and the "life-history" of many designs is ingeniously traced. What is admirable, however, in Prof. Haddon's treatment of his subject is less the conclusions he has drawn than those he has refrained from drawing. In the face of the liberal theorizing which leads one archæologist to derive almost all known patterns from the lotos, while another, with equal assurance, derives them all from something else, it is refreshing to find an insistence that resemblance is not necessarily identity, and that our knowledge of facts is often too small to justify certainty in inference. The point is often made that any given pattern must be studied on the spot where it appears, and all the ascertainable facts about its origin there must be mastered before we can be sure whether or not it is the same pattern which occurs elsewhere and which it closely resembles. The final conclusion would seem to be that given on page 173, in a quotation from W. H. Holmes, that "we are absolutely certain that no race, no art, no motive or element in nature or in art, can claim the exclusive origination of any one of the well-known or standard conventional devices, and that any race, art, or individual motive is capable of giving rise to any and all such devices"; and the author's temper is shown by his statement that he has "been mainly concerned to provide an efficient tool for other workers," rather than himself to "elucidate the multitudinous designs and forms which beset us on every hand."

It is to be regretted that a work otherwise so laudable should be marred by the pestilential heresy, stated in the chapter on wealth as a cause of decoration, that "coin is always of less intrinsic worth than its nominal value; and as money transactions increase, the nominal value bears absolutely no relation to the real value, as in the case of paper money." On the next page this has become a statement that certain objects used as a medium of exchange in Torres Straits "cannot be regarded as money, *as they have an intrinsic value.*" Nothing worse than this has been seen since the financial teaching of the Rollo Books and Jonas's wooden currency, and it is entirely unnecessary to the course of Prof. Haddon's argument.

The standpoint of Vernon Lee is that of the amiable dilettante, interested in art as a part of general culture. There is much charming writing in the volume and some keen-sighted analysis. The description of the "humanness" as of "a nice child" of Fra Angelico, with his "gayly dressed angels . . . leading the little cowled monks—little baby black and white things with pink faces, like sugar lambs and Easter rabbits—into deep, deep grass quite full of flowers"—and of the early Venetians with their music-making angels, is very apt and delightful. More serious contributions to criticism are the ideas that art, in its slow development, takes years to perfect an ideal with which it started, so that it is the feeling of the age of St. Francis which is finally embodied in the painting of the epoch of the Tyrants, and that often it is neither the personality of the artist nor Taine's "race, environment, and moment" that determine the characteristics of a given art, which are rather the result of technical processes and training. Hence the difference between Greek and Tuscan sculpture may be considered as resulting less from the difference of Greek and Italian racial instinct, or of ancient and mediæval feeling, than from the fact that the Greeks were primarily modellers of clay and the Italians hewers of stone; the technical methods proper to either art leading the Greeks to the realization of actual form at the finger ends, and the Florentines to the suggestion by effect of light and shade on a church front. The book ends with a tribute to the memory of the author's master, Walter Pater, one who, "by faithful and self-restraining cultivation of the sense of harmony, . . . appears to have risen from the perception of visible beauty to the knowledge of beauty of the spiritual kind," thus showing the possible higher uses of merely æsthetical cultivation.

Mr. Berenson is nothing if not modern, and the views he has set forth in his latest book are, at first sight, bewilderingly novel. His psychology, however, as has been said of Spenser's allegories, will not bite, and one soon begins to perceive that his "tactile values" are little else than our old friends significant drawing and sense of form. What his doctrine amounts to is that this significant drawing, this "realization of the material nature of things," was the vital element of Florentine painting, and not story-telling or the excitation of religious emotion; that Giotto possessed the talent for it in the highest

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measure, but was hampered by the lack of technical knowledge; that the study of technical means occupied the school for 200 years, sometimes leading to mere naturalism or mere display; that occasionally in this time a master arose, comparable to Giotto in power, and, with the new knowledge, achieved a new expressiveness; that Michelangelo, coming at the right time and with the right nature, pushed significant drawing to its furthest limit; and that, after him, the job being thoroughly done, nothing was left for Florentine art but rapid decadence and academicism. The view-point, though not so new as it seems, is not that of the average critic, but it appears to make little change in the familiar perspective. Giotto, Masaccio, Leonardo, and Michelangelo still stand like giants, dominating the landscape, with Botticelli only a little lower; and even Fra Angelico's permanent charm is duly accounted for.

The "Index to the Works of the Principal Florentine Painters" at the end is interesting as giving the results of the latest criticism, including Mr. Berenson's own, and is useful and welcome. In some cases one would be glad of the reasons for the attribution, notably in that of the famous "wax head of Lille," which Mr. Berenson gives to Leonardo. The common attribution to Raphael has little to sustain it, but we confess to an equal incredulity towards this later venture. We do not know what Leonardo's work in sculpture was like, but we see no reason to suppose that that pupil of Verrocchio did anything resembling the wax head.

The point of view—that of the travelling foreigner in this country—has to be especially reckoned with in considering M. Bing's pamphlet on artistic culture in America. Judging from a prefatory epistle, M. Bing seems to have been commissioned by the Directeur des Beaux-Arts to make a report on the development of art in the United States, and these hundred-odd pages are the result. One would be tempted to believe, at first, that the report might have been written without crossing the Atlantic, for the only American painters the author seems to know well are those who have taken up a permanent residence abroad. About the home-keeping talents he makes strange blunders, such as transforming J. Alden Weir into "Alden Wierd," calling George Fuller a "strict imitator of the French manner," and Inness a "faithful translator of the familiar sites of his own country." Mr. D. W. Tryon would perhaps be surprised to find himself labelled as a follower of Inness, and Mr. Winslow Homer would certainly find some difficulty in recognizing himself in the following description:

> "Clever at bringing before us in characteristic compositions that lively people, the negroes, and the curious aspects of their easy manners, he is also fond of evoking, in a fabulous world, strange scenes created by his imagination."

If Mr. Bing knows little about American painting, he knows and cares less about our sculpture. After mentioning an "equestrian statue of Washington" by Greenough, unknown to the rest of the world, he disposes of contemporary sculptors, "les Ward, Launt Thompson, Saint-Gaudens, Warner, MacMonnies, Herbert Adams," in one sentence as having not yet learned "the art of animating gesture in a natural manner, or of expressing in the features the sentiments of the soul." It is when Mr. Bing begins to deal with architecture that he reveals the reason of his attitude. He is one of those who come to the consideration of American art with a fixed notion that a new people should produce something entirely new, and that all art which resembles what has been done in other countries is therefore negligible. In our architecture he finds this new thing, and the cold critic of our painting and sculpture becomes the enthusiastic admirer of those high buildings which we, in our ignorance of what we have done best worth the doing, are trying to suppress by act of legislature. Of one other form of American art is M. Bing, and with more reason, a hearty admirer; but his praises of American stained-glass are, however unjustly, likely to be discounted as possibly influenced by his commercial relations with a well-known firm of manufacturers.

Mr. Pennell writes of the "illustration of books" with the authority of an accomplished illustrator, and as he is here giving practical instruction to students of his own art, his knowledge is valuable. In his preface he quotes, from a letter of Mr. Lewis Fraser, of the *Century's* art management, that gentleman's opinion that it is "a good, practical book, likely to be of much use to the young illustrator, and save the art editor many a pang and many a sorrow." No one should know better than Mr. Fraser what is wanted, and his endorsement is better than anything we could say. There are eleven lectures in the volume, dealing with the question, "What is illustration?" with "the equipment of the illustrator," "methods of drawing for reproduction in line" and "the reproduction of line drawings," "the making of wash drawings and their reproduction by mechanical process," "the reproduction of drawings by wood engraving," "lithography" and "etching," "the printing of etchings," "photogravure and photo-lithography," and "making ready for the printing-press." Under each of these heads a good deal of technical information will be found, while the author's opinions are little obtruded.

'The Science of Drawing in Art' is a discourse on the proper method of teaching drawing to beginners, and the theoretic part, which deals with the laws of optics and of perspective and their application to primary instruction in drawing, contains much that is sound and that might prove useful. Unfortunately, the merits of a particular mechanical aid to the study of form in its perspective representation are early insisted upon, and the praise of this invention and detailed instruction in its use soon become the dominant note of the book. The machine is an ingenious one, and its occasional use by an intelligent teacher might be beneficial, though we are inclined to doubt the efficacy of such appliances, but insistence upon it again and again savors of the disguised advertisement.

The Works of Joseph Butler. Edited by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.

THIS fruit of Mr. Gladstone's old age has been many years ripening. In a letter to Mr. James Knowles, dated November 9, 1873, and printed in the *Spectator* of December 13, 1873, he said: "Bishop Butler taught me, forty-five years ago, to suspend my judgment on things I knew I did not understand. Even with his aid I may often have been wrong; without him I think I never should have been right. And oh! that this age knew the treasure it possesses in him, and neglects." A devotion of sixty-eight years may well culminate in an edition so complete and sumptuous as the present. All that printer's art and editor's pains can do to set forth and make attractive the work of a shrinking and lonely student, has now been done.

In addition to reproducing Butler's purest text, and providing full indexes and occasional notes, Mr. Gladstone has elaborately "got up" the 'Analogy' and the 'Sermons' after the style of a skilled coach's preparation of Aristotle. Bagehot remarks that, "without detracting for a moment from Butler's real merit, it may be allowed that some of his influence, especially that which he enjoys in the English universities, is partially due to that obscurity of style which renders his writings such apt exercises for the critical intellect, which makes the truth when found seem more valuable from the difficulty of finding it, and gives scope for an able lecturer to elucidate, annotate, and expound." One might almost think the subheadings with which Mr. Gladstone breaks up these pages to be largely undergraduate annotations, made with the fear of the examiners before the eyes, so anxious are they to show you just how the argument is getting on, to put you on your guard against supposing that something is being proved which is not, to resume and anticipate the course of the reasoning. In their form and flavor, moreover, there is something unmistakably donnish, as may be inferred from these specimen titles of sections: "Sum of results on behalf of well-doing as such διχῶς"; "God takes the side of the vir bonus"; "To presume extinction at death is πολλαχῶς irrational." It would seem that minds in need of such sign-posts would need a more legible lettering, while those quick to take in the polyglot directions could find the road without any directions. At any rate, and however it may be with the 'Analogy' as still perhaps a text-book to be "got up," the same process carried over into the second volume certainly adds a new terror to sermons. In place of this departure from Butler's own edition, we think a more useful one would have been the modernizing of his punctuation, which often puzzles like an obscurity of thought. The following sentence, for example, taken from the "advertisement" to the 'Analogy,' will show how much present-day controversialists have gained in punctuation if not in modesty: "On the contrary, thus much, at least, will be here found, not taken for granted, but proved, that any reasonable man, who will thoroughly consider the matter, may be as much assured, as he is of his own being, that it is not, however, so clear a case, that there is nothing in it."

What may be called Mr. Gladstone's prolegomena to Butler he has reserved, he intimates, for a third volume, of Essays, shortly to be published. The scattered notes which he has here provided aim at little except illumination of the text by Scriptural and patristic citations and by references to Aristotle. Occasionally we are given a genuine bit of scholastic refining, as in the explanation of Butler's undeniable confusion of "suffering" and "punishment." But all this seems going unnecessarily far to get light on Butler. He had his eye fixed on the arrogant deistic arguments of the early eighteenth century. The whole 'Analogy,' in fact, is a huge argument *ex concessis*. Granting all you say, he retorted upon the deists, about "an intelligent Author of nature and natural Governor of the world," I will force you to admit that revealed religion is no more unreasonable than natural religion. No doubt he did it. His argument was at the time immensely successful. He

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closed the mouths that he meant to close. With the ultimate questions that underlie both his position and that of the deists, he did not concern himself. Probably he was not vividly conscious that there were such questions. It has been said that, beside Hobbes or Hume or Jonathan Edwards, he was but a child in metaphysics. His great, his absorbing aim was to answer objections against Christianity. It is almost pathetic to find him, in his sermon "Upon the Ignorance of Man," dwelling on the consolation that, anyhow, "our ignorance is the proper *answer* to many things which are called objections against religion." He was the great answerer of contemporary objections; and a mind saturated, like Leslie Stephen's, in the literature of contemporary objection, has better illustrative and explanatory resources to draw upon than Mr. Gladstone's general theological stores.

The fact that, as Mr. Stephen has recently observed, the 'Analogy' has made no impression on European thought, however esteemed in England, however venerated at Oxford, is no doubt due in part to its immediate and practical purpose. It aimed simply to show that, judged by the standards which the deists called rational, Christianity was not irrational. But Lessing points to the deeper inquiries which necessarily lie behind Butler's, when he asks, Does, then, the reasonableness of Christianity lie wholly in its being not unreasonable? ("Also besteht die ganze Vernunftmässigkeit der christlichen Religion darin, dass sie nicht unvernunftig ist?") To this the 'Analogy' has little to say. Moreover, the extension of its argument beyond its first intention has proved dangerous. Pitt is not the only man to think it conjures more scepticism than it lays. If revealed religion is so completely analogous to natural, what becomes of the evidence that it has been revealed at all? The battle-ground has greatly shifted since Butler's day, and the analogy of Christianity to nature-religions is now perhaps the most powerful argument to reduce all alike to one level. Butler used analogy as a lever to bring Christianity up to the rational level of deism; the modern study of comparative religion finds analogy pulling it down and divesting it of its supernatural attributes.

But, whatever the fate of Butler's arguments, the attractiveness of his cautious, frank, and serious mind must long remain. Never was controversialist fairer. He sets up no men of straw. The objections as he states them often seem more deadly than as they were originally presented. He will glide over no difficulty. "It is his unique distinction among theologians that, while writhing in the jaws of a dilemma, he refrains from positively denying that any dilemma exists." His open-mindedness, his modesty, his moral earnestness, his enthronement of conscience in theory and in life, give him a personality of his own. Characteristic phrases show the manner of man he was. "Everything is what it is, and not another thing." A writer is "not to form or accommodate, but to state things as he finds them." "Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" "For, after all, that which is true must be admitted, though it should show us the shortness of our faculties." One wonders what would have been the fate of such an honest theologian turned loose in the modern world with all its facts undreamed of in his philosophy. We suspect it would have been something other than to have left an unpleasant suspicion that he died a Papist.

In New England Fields and Woods. By Rowland E. Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

It is hard to say whether these charming sketches appeal more to the dweller in the town or in the country. As Richter said of Music, they speak, to those whose lives are pent up within walls of masonry, of things that they have not seen and shall not see; for Nature is shy with casual acquaintances and reveals herself only to her constant companions. Yet few of those who spend their lives in the country have seen the sights that this author has seen, or heard what he has heard. We need not read far to be convinced that he may justly claim to have been born in Arcadia. He has drawn the chipmunk to him with his music, and enticed him to frolic with a herd's-grass head gently moved before him. He has seen the toads, thought voiceless by common mortals, making melody under the influence of springtime and love. The ways of many beasts and birds are known to him, and he has only gentle words for even the most despised among them. He has not scorned the friendship of the humble bull-frog, and tells us how he has tickled him first with a rush and then with finger-tips while "his flabby sides swelled with fulness of enjoyment, his blinking eyes grew dreamy, and the corners of his blandly expressionless mouth almost curved upwards with an elusive smile." He is a sportsman, and it is easy to see that his rod and gun have been as much a part of him as his clothes or his books, and yet he earnestly entreats his fellow-sportsmen to restrain the impulse to kill with larger and kindlier thought.

Nevertheless, Mr. Robinson knows the strange power of the sportsman's instinct, and has felt the quickening of the blood when game is at hand, as well appears when he discourses of anglers. There are contemplative anglers, as out of reverence to the master of the craft he admits;

"but how is it with him who comes stealing along with such light tread that it scarcely crushes the violets or shakes the dew-drops from the ferns, and casts his flies with such precise skill upon the very hand's-breadth of water that gives most promise to his experienced eye? . . . Eye and ear and every organ of sense are intent upon the sport for which he came. He sees only the images of the clouds, no branch but that which impedes him or offers cover to his stealthy approach. His ear is more alert for the splash of fishes than for bird songs. With his senses go all his thoughts, and float not away in day-dreams. Howsoever much he loves her, for the time while he hath rod in hand Mother Nature is a fishwoman, and he prays that she may deal generously with him. Though he be a parson, his thoughts tend not to religion; though a savant, not to science; though a statesman, not to politics; though an artist, to no art save the art of angling. So far removed from all these while he casts his fly or guides his minnow, how much further is his soul from all but the matter in hand when a fish has taken the one or the other, and all his skill is taxed to the utmost to bring his victim to creel. Heresy and paganism may prevail, the light of science be quenched, the country go to the dogs, pictures go unpainted and statues unmoulded, till he has saved this fish."

The essays on the characteristics of the months and seasons of the year are marked with exquisite appreciation, and impart to the reader in a wonderful degree that strange sense of the onward movement of life, animate and inanimate, which is properly felt only by those who pass their days out of doors. We should be glad to quote from them, but must content ourselves with noting the true Virgilian feeling which is displayed in the choice of epithets. If they are sometimes cloying, it is not from inaptness, but from abundance. But to many readers the brief biographies of the humbler sort of animals, those despised by the sportsman and frowned on by the farmer, will be not the least pleasing parts of the book. Altogether we feel no hesitation in advising both those who love Nature and those who would learn how to love her, to possess themselves of this guide. Every one who reads these pages, and those who have read the essays in *Forest and Stream*, where most of them have appeared, will suffer a thrill of pain at learning that a curtain of darkness now prevents the author from beholding the scenes that he so tenderly appreciated, and the humble "acquaintances with whom he was once on familiar terms, but who now and hereafter can only be memories." Yet if the power of vision is gone from him, let him take comfort in the thought that he has passed it on, and that many will see who but for his eyes would have been blind.

Appenzell: Pure Democracy and Pastoral Life in Inner-Rhoden. A Swiss Study. By Irving B. Richman, Consul-General of the United States to Switzerland. With maps. Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

Swiss constitutional history deserves all the attention which is paid it, and the conservative democracy of the pastoral cantons ought not to be left out of sight for the sake of experiments like the Initiative and the Referendum. "Totus mundus se stultizat novas constitutiones demandans," said Francis II. of Austria in the early part of the century, and the tendency has not yet been checked. Meantime the cantons have changed their constitutions, too, but without losing that hold on the past which is the surest guarantee of sound political growth. We have heard that, in the canton of Uri, people who deny the authenticity of the Tell story are put in the stocks. This, perhaps, is a little too conservative, but, at present, mankind is in no danger of disturbing the equipoise by such reactionary freaks. Uri, it must be remembered, is traversed by an international railway, the St.-Gotthard. What must we expect from Appenzell Inner-Rhoden, which has been for an equal length of time a paradise of the Capuchins, and is approached only by a *Zweigbahn* of unusual slowness? With Uri and Unterwalden Obwald it forms a group of communities where conservative democracy can be better studied than anywhere else in the world.

Mr. Richman's study of pure democracy and pastoral life in Inner-Rhoden seeks its justification in a saying of Prof. Dändliker: "The history of this land forms a peculiar link in the great chain of popular risings in the Middle Ages. It shows more essentially than does even the history of the Forest Cantons the contrast between the aristocracy and the people, between the rulers and the ruled." Taking this as his point of departure, Mr. Richman proceeds to give us a book which is a decided success. Life in the days of Hilpa and Shalum might have enabled one to read Zellweger's 'Geschichte des Appenzellischen Volkes' and the other voluminous cantonal histories of Switzerland. As it is, the thing cannot be done, and were it not for Mr. Richman we should probably know nothing at all about Appenzell save what is to be gathered from Scheffel's story of 'Ekkehard' and picturesque descriptions of Landsgemeinden. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Richman is a mere compiler. He knows Appenzell personally, his comparisons and contrasts are

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suggestive, and he observes a just sense of proportion in handling his subject.

The book is divided into three parts: (1.) Scenery and Climate. (2.) History. (3.) Contemporary Life. Mr. Richman gives more space to political growth and institutions than to the domestic and agricultural branches of his subject; but his interests are not exclusively political, and the alternative title, "A Swiss Study," does not claim too much. He makes the Appenzellers stand out as they are, from the poor burgess, who has a share in the Ried, up to Herr Landamann Sonderegger. His description of the Suter case is the most graphic piece of writing in the book, and his discussion of the Mark system the most valuable. Slips are few and unimportant. A few, however, may be mentioned. The Ill of the Arlberg does not flow into the Rhine at right angles. One should not state authoritatively that the Rhetians are a branch of the Tuscan race. Sämbtiser *sea* is doubtless a slip of the pen. Mr. Richman, who is a great stickler for German forms, should not write Otho the Great. He calls Rudolf of Habsburg King of Germany, rather than Holy Roman Emperor, whereas he uses the imperial title in the case of most of the German sovereigns. Mr. Richman is mistaken if he supposes that Freeman described only the Landsgemeinde of Uri. He, as well as Bayard Taylor and Mr. Boyd Winchester, has written of the one in the Ausser-Rhoden at Trogen.

It will be seen at a glance that these errors are microscopic, and there are no more serious ones. The three historical maps are very useful. Why do not all books of this sort have such maps? We should also have welcomed a photograph of the distinctive head-dress worn by the Appenzell women. It and the Capuchins at the Landsgemeinde are the two things which take the traveller in Appenzell most directly back to the days before the French Revolution. Even the Swiss of the French cantons get along "sans faire un cas majeur d'une logomachie." The French type of democracy has not influenced the Inner-Rhoden, and the above-mentioned emblem reminds us of the fact.

We cannot refrain from making this admirable monograph of Mr. Richman an excuse for adding a note about a discovery of our own in Appenzell Inner-Rhoden. The Weissbad, one of the original whey-cure resorts on the Sitter, sends out an announcement of its attractions which is as funny as "English as She is Spoke." It is a pamphlet of sixteen pages, written in the most serious vein, and doubtless translated into all the tourist languages. We subjoin three extracts:

"The friend of the history of the life of nations will be astonished to find here a people of mountaineers that though so near the great arteries of trade lives as retiredly and simply, as originally and naturally as the inhabitant of the town knows only from historic tradition of our ancestors."

"The Weissbad offers also the best occasion to the cure-like usage of the cow's milk, of the goat's milk, and in our times also of the buttermilk so effective in many cases. An authority writes: Many guests in the Weissbad who cannot or only with aversion drink neither cow's nor goat's milk in pure state in the flat land and in the most low grounds, sip here with pleasure, and the best success the substantial, aromatically smelling milk of the Alps that owes its origin not to the watery grass of the plain or even to the feeding in the stable with every sort of cheap products of agriculture without value, but only to the dry aromatic herbs of the Alps and to flowers and every kind of buds and to the tender resinous sprouts of pines which the free going animals seek out of the less vigorous vegetation in a free choice, in a slow, natural feeding, with a rapid changing of the substances, in a continual motion."

"It is a quite peculiarly charming place, a most pleasing spot of the earth where the Weissbad is situated. It is a whey-place of the true stamp. Already with the coming in vogue of the whey-cures, it has known to procure a very good reputation and to keep it without interruption, and it has well deserved it. Among the guests there is an unconstrained agreeable commerce far from that stork-like stiffness which poisons the air in many such establishments. The proprietors neglect no occasion to render the sojourn in their establishment agreeable to their guests and care earnestly for the wants of every one. Every day brings new amusements, and he whose end of the cure has irrevocably come on, parts only with difficulty from the society in the Weissbad that has become a large family to him."

We confidently claim that this Appenzell English does not suffer by comparison with the extracts published by the Harvard Committee.

An Advanced History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Cyril Ransome, M.A., Professor of Modern History and English Literature in the Yorkshire College, Victoria University. With maps and plans. Macmillan. 1895. Pp. xx, 1069.

WHEN Alice in Wonderland found herself the centre of a dripping and draggled menagerie, eager to get dry by any means, the Mouse commanded attention while it recited "the driest thing I know," which proved to be a Child's History of the Norman Conquest. It would seem that in the earlier parts of English history Mr. Ransome had emulated this harangue, for he has reduced them to a very moderate compass by the process of leaving out every anecdote, authentic or not, which gives life to bygone ages. In whichever of the two ways offered by him we take his book—an "advanced" treatise for those who have already studied his 'Elements' and 'Outlines,' or a convenient compend for general readers—he is so determined to admit none but the latest lights that he is often very dim. A more jejune and unsympathetic account of Alfred could hardly be.

As he draws near later times, his narrative is better; and particularly of his battles there are clear descriptions and useful plans. He aims particularly at portraying "character," and asks special attention thereto. Yet, besides Alfred, several persons of the first eminence, as Edward I. and Hampden, find but dull portrayal, and other of his judgments are, to say the least, paradoxical. When Edwy is dragged back to the brutalities of the wedding banquet by Dunstan, he is only a petulant boy, and the arch-monk is a wise statesman; but when William Rufus is under discussion, we are told to distrust the traditional blackness of his nature because the monks were his chroniclers. To say King John's character is "not easy to draw"; that Cromwell was an opportunist, who never saw far ahead in peace or war; that Catherine of Braganza was fitted to make Charles an excellent wife, and her husband a man of consummate ability, sounds strange enough. Perhaps Mr. Ransome is at his best in his handling of the Civil War, though it is painfully evident that he owes his inspiration to Prof. Gardiner; while in the reign of William III. it is amusing to see how he absorbs and reproduces Macaulay while trying, by a few sporadic touches, to persuade us, and perhaps himself, that he is original. With Montrose's campaigns in 1644 he inserts a map of Scotland "after 1603" which ought to have been given for 1745, and is hardly useful for an earlier period. As far as the interest and judgment of the book go, there are many places deserving of praise, such as the treatment of the politics of the times of North and Burke; or of censure, as the reactionary handling of Clarendon's church legislation. But, as with Mr. Oman's history a short time ago, no one without abundant space at his command has room to discuss Mr. Ransome's literary and philosophical merits and demerits, preoccupied and teased as he must be by the mistakes, so unpardonable in a manual of history, which if not rigidly accurate is worthless.

To begin with errors in proper names, some arising from looseness, some from misprints, and some from absolute misunderstanding: "The Pilgrims of 1620 named their settlement 'New Plymouth'" (p. 498). The location of the first settlement had been called Plymouth long before, and New Plymouth, like New Hampshire or New Jersey, was the name of the colony. "Dublin Cathedral" (p. 524)—which one? Christ Church or St Patrick's? Winthrop's emigration is hopelessly confounded with Endicott's; and the Massachusetts capital is called "New Salem" (p. 530), which preposterous name is repeated (p. 822) in discussing the Boston Port Bill. The Governor of Massachusetts in 1636 was not *Sir* Harry Vane (p. 531), which is a blunder sadly common among ourselves. Arundel should be Arundell (p. 626), and Salton Saltoun (p. 647). Lady Russell was not of the Winchester family (p. 630). Halifax was not a Marquess at the times indicated (634, 638); Bentinck, impeached in 1701, was never *Duke* of Portland, nor Montague *Earl* of Halifax (p. 699). Shippen is spelt Skippen (p. 765); Washington's camp was not at Great Meadow (p. 790), and the adjacent river was not named Mononhangela! Burgoyne of Saratoga was not *Sir* John (pp. 825, 827). It was not "Green" who hemmed in Cornwallis at Yorktown (p. 831). Cartwright is spelt Cartright (p. 851). Mackintosh was not *Sir* James when he defended Peltier (p. 881), Fulton's steamer was not the *Claremont* (p. 938), and Sharman Crawford is misspelt Harman (p. 1009). For false dates, we have the Dutch peace of 1609 put into 1608. The title of King of France was given up on the union with Ireland January 1, 1801, not, as here stated, at the peace of Amiens (p. 876). William IV. dismissed Melbourne in November, 1834, not 1835 (p. 950), and Gladstone tried to repeal the paper duty in 1860, not 1861 (p. 1009).

To say (p. 646) that Baxter was a much worthier man than Dangerfield, is like saying John Jay was a much worthier man than John the Painter. Mary of Modena had given birth to living children before James Edward (p. 656); Anne's son was never *created* Duke of Gloucester (p. 698). The present reigning house of Italy does not represent Henrietta of Orleans (p. 699). The Act of Settlement forbids any foreigner, even if naturalized, to sit in Parliament—a serious omission in this book. The silly old story of Franklin's coat is repeated (p. 822). Washington was forty-three, not forty-two, in 1775 (p. 825). Lord Ashburton did not retire with Fox (p. 836). The Rohilla charge against Hastings was not adopted (p. 845). It is true Lord Ellenborough's appointment to the Cabinet "was not drawn into a precedent"; but it followed the precedent of Mansfield nearly fifty years before (p. 889). Like Mr. Oman, Mr. Ransome lumps the Berlin decree with the Milan decree, as the Milan decrees (890). Like all English historians, he names only the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* in the War of 1812; he says Lincoln was elected as an Abolitionist (p. 999), and that Con-

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gress passed an act emancipating the slaves (p. 1000).

It is an ungracious task to point out such errors; they do not exhaust the list. They all occur in the last half of the volume, and they have been identified in a rapid reading and without consulting any rare books. The sensation of weariness produced by their frequent and needless occurrence quite unnerves one for grappling with the more serious questions in which one would gladly encounter Mr. Ransome if he did not make one pay too high an entrance fee.

Lakes of North America. By Israel C. Russell. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1895.

A SUBJECT of school study which is represented chiefly by text-books is manifestly in a position far inferior to that occupied by one about which a rich and varied literature has grown up. It is in great part from this difference of position that geography suffers in comparison with history or the classics. Those who are interested in the elevation of this great common-school subject, now the target of so much well-deserved criticism, cannot do better than build up for it a foundation of good books for general reading, addressed to an audience fairly represented by the intelligent high school teacher. As a standard of what such books ought to be, Geikie's 'Scenery of Scotland' may be named, and Kirchhoff's 'Länderkunde des Erdtheils Europa,' prepared by various collaborators, is a good example of Continental work. In this country, we have not as yet produced many books of the desired kind. Shaler's writings have hitherto reached further towards the goal than those of any other author; the National Geographic Monographs recently established by the National Geographic Society of Washington bid fair to become in time important resources for studious geographical reading, if they can be maintained. The many valuable essays in scientific periodical literature need not be here considered, for they come to the attention of a very small number of the readers who need the information they present.

Russell's 'Lakes of North America' is at present the best example in this country of the kind of books that geography needs. In the first place, it is not a compilation, but in great part the result of original study. The author is admirably qualified for his task, having had wide experience in exploration and observation all over our country; his Alaskan journeys being probably better known than his studies in the far West, by reason of their having served as the basis for some popular magazine articles. It has happened that some of the subjects particularly assigned to him while a member of our National Geological Survey included various types of lakes, namely, those lying among the displaced lava blocks of Oregon, in the glaciated cañons of the Sierra Nevada, and in the desert troughs between the mountain ranges of the Great Basin of Utah and Nevada. It is good fortune for geographical readers to have one so well equipped by his own researches turn to their presentation in popular form.

An outline of this book may be briefly made. It opens with the origin of the basins in which lake waters may collect; a moderate position is here taken on the most vexed process, that of glacial erosion. The movements of lake water and the geological functions of lakes are next discussed, thus leading to an interesting chapter on the topography of lake shores, in which, here as everywhere else, the treatment must follow that of the classic essay by Gilbert, to whom Russell dedicates his book. The relation of lakes to climatic conditions follows. This is particularly important in our national geography, for in the East we have innumerable lakes that result from former glaciation, while in the West many lakes of the past have been lost through the aridity of the existing climate. In fuller illustration of the origin and functions of lakes, special histories are given of certain important examples; those associated with the retreating ice-sheet in the Laurentian basin, and those connected with the humid and arid climates of the West, receiving most attention. All this supplies precisely that background of knowledge which the explorer, traveller, or teacher should possess, and which at present he so generally lacks. The illustrations, mostly taken from various publications of the Geological Survey, serve excellently to point the moral of the text.

Korean Games. By Stewart Culin. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

UNLESS we mistake, this book marks an epoch in the study of the games of the world. It is a serious attempt to lift the whole subject out of the uncertain region of folk-lore and to set it within the domain of science. If we be permitted to coin a word to connote the fact, kairology would be the one. Kairos was the Greek god of the nick of time; and, being not a personality, but the graphic representation of an idea, is enough of an abstraction for our purpose. The bas-reliefs represent him as riding on winged wheels (or, in other words, as an ancient bicycler) and holding usually a pair of balances. The diction of Mr. Culin, though admirably clear, shows a great many circumlocutions and instances of tautology that might have been avoided by adoption of the term kairology or some similar coinage.

The handsomely printed and lavishly illustrated volume is not, as might be supposed, a teacher of Far Oriental pastimes, albeit caterers to our home pleasures may find here material with which to enrich our stock of children's amusements. On the contrary, here is a profound study of the significance of Korean games. Although Mr. Culin has never in the flesh visited the Far East, he knows more about the Chinese world of ideas than most aliens dwelling in "the Chinas." His previous monographs on the methods of diversion and for obtaining luck, as he has seen them played by the men of the cue among us, show unusual insight and ability while working in the galleries of this mine. He has in this instance wisely selected the little country of Korea for illustration and proof of his main thesis. In the Peninsular Kingdom processes of thought that have become obsolete, even in China, still survive. The mythic concepts underlying Korean culture are wonderfully vivid and easily discoverable.

So far from attributing the origin of games to the inborn tendency of the human animal, akin to that of the kitten or puppy, to amuse itself, Mr. Culin, correctly, we think, regards games, not as conscious inventions for purposes of pleasure, but as survivals from primitive conditions under which they originated in magical rites and chiefly as a means of divination. There is a striking sameness in the widely distributed games of all nations, inas much as they are based upon certain conceptions of the universe once common to all peoples. Among civilized men the religious origin of games is as popularly forgotten as is in Christendom the evolution of the theatre from the church. In Korea (as in old Japan, which borrowed so freely from her) the analysis of the universe, the enrolment of the people, division of the city into wards and of the country into provinces, classification of the seasons of the year, of elements, of colors, and of musical notes of the scale, are all made on the basis of four and one, that is, of the four cardinal points and the middle. The fairy and folk-lore as well as the serious literature of Korea (and of old Japan likewise) is saturated with notions based on this concept. Such science as the peoples in the Chinese world had was made by the assigning all facts and ideas in accordance with this "law of heaven and earth." In the application, however, of the formulæ and categories to things and thoughts, difficulties were encountered in making the right assignment. An unclassified fact, or the notion that was supposed to represent one, was just as abhorrent to the Chinese-minded man as an uncorrelated specimen is to a modern man of science. How to secure revelation, in particular instances, of the place of the fact or idea in the scheme of the universe, was the problem of the learned. The solution was usually arrived at by a resort to magic. The processes made use of were at first religious. Gradually, however, as other methods prevailed, divination became only an accessory to religion. As the mental climate changed, the primitive essays left the hands of adults for those of children. Nevertheless, in both Korea and Japan to-day, worship and amusement are still closely joined, both as to time and place (even as summer sanctification and sea-bathing join hand in hand on the New Jersey coast). So, also, the element of joyousness was never wholly absent from the actual divination, and was especially prominent when the answer was favorable and the category reached.

Further, in the games of children, which, in every land, mirror the more serious business of their elders, the questions sought to be answered seem as relatively important as in the religious divination. Hence, to this day in the games of Korea, as we know by reading, and those of Japan, which we have repeatedly seen, we can re-read ancient history and religion. The games, while retaining much of their original character, often survive in two forms—that of the rite, with the element of luck; and that of the play, for the sake of pure fun.

In Korea, as in ancient Arabia, the arrow is the basis of the two principal systems of divination—one of the single and the other of the multiple rod and flat implement. Mr. Culin's detailed explanations remind us, and make very clear the reasons, why so many natives have arrow scars on body, face, and eyes, which even foreign surgical science, much to their grief and injured pride, cannot remove. The pack of cards and bundle of rods (for divination or gambling) are but expansions of the unit and mystic number. After the luminous and learned Introduction, the text proper describes more or less fully ninety-seven Korean games, with their variants and with illustrative explanations from Japan and China. This part is full of tempting bits of information about what every close observer of child-life in the Far East has seen. It recalls pleasant memories of the sunny life of the children who live so much in the open air of summer, and who find such plentiful diversion when winter compels in-door and sedentary occupations. As often as possible, Mr. Culin attaches to his descriptions whatever historic data, plausible theory, or literary reference may be gleaned from other

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authors. One of the most interesting chapters is that on Korean chess, about which Mr. W. H. Wilkinson has written in the *Korean Repository*. Dominoes and playing-cards are treated at length both descriptively and with explanations as to origins by reference to the four points of the compass. The indexical matter is abundant. Besides numerous diagrams are twenty-two Korean plates, many of them in colors.

If the study of games can reach the dignity of science, this work deserves the praise of being one of the first contributions to kairology made in this country. Despite the lack of the promised contribution which was to have been furnished by Mr. Frank Cushing, this work is complete in itself. Mr. Cushing expects to expand his running comparison of the games of the two continents (America and Asia) into a volume more or less like the present, on American games in general.

Krishna Kanta's Will. By Bankim Chandra Chatterjee. Translated by Miriam S. Knight. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895. Pp. 264.

THE wealth of modern Bengali literature, the curious product of the imposition of modern and European ideas upon an ancient and Asiatic people, is hardly realized at the present time. It is much the fashion, even in administrative circles in India, for Anglo-Indians to sneer at the inhabitants of Lower Bengal who lead busy and laborious lives round about the fertile delta of the Ganges River. Mr. Kipling, for instance, whose point of view of things Indian has been influenced by his residence in the Punjab, and who feels the contempt of the Punjabis for the unwarlike Bengalis, delights in representing Bengali characters in his stories and in his poems as behaving in the most undignified manner. It is true that the Bengalis have no love for war, and that they form a race of peaceful cultivators and merchants; their fear of pain is instinctive and exaggerated, though they do not fear death; and they constantly have recourse to the weapon of the weak, dissimulation, and have thus gained the unenviable reputation of being a race of liars. But though their physical frames are weak and their dispositions unwarlike, the Bengalis are intellectually by far the quickest, the most versatile, and the most assimilative of Western culture of all the peoples of India. The spread of Western ideas through familiarity with English books has not extinguished Bengali literature, as had been expected by some of the statesmen who opposed Macaulay's scheme of Anglicizing Indian education; on the contrary, there has been of recent years a vast revival of Bengali vernacular literature, both in prose and in verse. The language has been purified and developed, and has been made a fitting instrument for the expression of more complicated thoughts and emotions than it was before. Modern Bengali literature is especially rich in works of the imagination. Poetry, the drama and fiction make up a large proportion of the 1,300 books annually published in the province of Lower Bengal. Of the poems and plays it is difficult to judge because of the absence of translations into English, but several Bengali novels have now been made accessible in translation, and it is possible to form some idea of Bengali fiction.

Bankim Chandra Chatterjee has been acknowledged by all his contemporaries as the most distinguished of the modern Bengali novelists. He was a typical Bengali Babu, was educated at the Hugli College, graduated at Calcutta University, and entered the Government service. He rose to the rank of a Deputy Magistrate and Collector, received the title of Rai Bahadur, and was made a C. I. E. His Government duties left him leisure to pursue a busy literary life, and he had published a large number of volumes when his lamented death occurred at the age of fifty-seven in May, 1894. 'Krishna Kanta's Will' is the fourth of Chatterjee's novels that have been translated into English, and it is an excellent type of the author's strength and weakness. To Western minds, the plot may seem somewhat weak, not from lack of striking incident, for there are a murder, the forgery and theft of a will, and other complications, but because of the descriptive matter which checks the progress of the story as a story. The characters defined are few and simple, and the scene is laid entirely in a small Bengal village. The human passion of which the novel treats is the usual theme of Western novelists, love. The hero, a handsome young Bengali, and the nephew of a rich Zamindar, who has been happily married in childhood to an adoring child-wife, falls violently in love with that most unhappy outcome of Hindu civilization, a girl widow. With considerable skill, the author represents the deplorable position of the Hindu widow, Rohini, and the moral effect of her enforced degradation upon her. At the bidding of the child-wife of Gobind Lal, she tries to drown herself, but she is rescued by Gobind himself, and eventually, after Gobind has made a strenuous effort to throw off his infatuation and has been disinherited by old Krishna Kanta for his supposed infidelity to his wife, he leaves the new-made heiress and goes to live with Rohini. The child-wife's father resolves on revenge, Gobind Lal is aroused to a fury of jealousy, and murders Rohini, and the child-wife herself pines away.

This is a tragic tale indeed, but one that brings home the curses of Bengali, and indeed of Hindu, civilization—child marriage and the cruel lot of widows. Incidentally, there are in this novel some charming descriptions of Bengal scenery and some curious illustrations of the wide difference between the European and the Asiatic fashion of looking at things. The following vehement attack on female servants is sufficiently curious, perhaps, to deserve quotation: "Brahmananda Ghosh was a poor man. He could not afford to keep many servants. Whether that is an advantage or a disadvantage, I cannot say; whichever it is, he who keeps no women servants is free from four things—cheating, false reports, wrangling, and dirt. The gods have embodied these four things in the maidservant" (p. 44).

A Collection of Historical and Other Papers. By Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D. To which are added seven of his Sermons. Published by the Editor at Concord, Massachusetts. 1895.

FOR personal friends of Dr. Reynolds and his coreligionists this volume will have added interest and value on account of the too brief sketch of his own life and the longer one of his father; but for others its appeal is almost entirely in virtue of the group of historical and local studies which take up about three-quarters of the book. Dying at the age of seventy-two, Dr. Reynolds's life and his father's covered one hundred and thirty-nine years, and perhaps it was his personal interest in so long a period—for his father's life was as interesting to him as his own—that gave his mind a bent in the direction of historical and antiquarian studies. It is certain that he had such a bent, and the judgment of Senator Hoar, who writes an introduction to the volume, is that if he had given himself wholly to such studies, he would have distinguished himself in them to a remarkable degree. He would have brought to them, as the papers in this volume show, a searching curiosity, a judicial fairness, a comprehensive view of his subject, and a very lucid and agreeable style of writing.

Four of the chapters deal with subjects of general interest, and of these the two on the northern campaigns of the Revolution are the more valuable because of their instruction for the present time, showing, as they do, how these campaigns found Canada extremely friendly to the colonies, and left her alienated from them and in closer sympathy with England than before the war began. If Anglophobia could have its way, this chapter of history might repeat itself. Of seven Concord chapters, two on the old Concord church afford a good example of the evolution of a New England church. One on the Concord fight is a very careful account of that momentous business, and "Concord during [illegible]'s' Rebellion" is a valuable contribution to our understanding of one of the obscurer episodes of "the critical period of American history." Of the "Miscellaneous Papers," that upon "saints who have had bodies" is a vigorous statement of the physical advantages of intellectual activity to which the time since it was written has furnished many fresh and lively illustrations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, T. K. Kant's Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Ethics. Longmans, Green & Co.
A Souvenir of "Trilby." Harpers.
Bangs, J. K. The Bicyclers, and Three Other Farces. Harpers. $1.25.
Bates, Herbert. Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Longmans, Green & Co. 45c.
Bois-Reymond, Emil du. Tierische Bewegung, etc. Boston: Ginn & Co
Brooks, Francis. Cicero's De Natura Deorum. London: Methuen & Co.
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